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THE MOORISH SCIENCE MONITOR

*Moorish Tag Day Update
*MOC boycott of World's Parliament of Religions?
*Much more!!

JK

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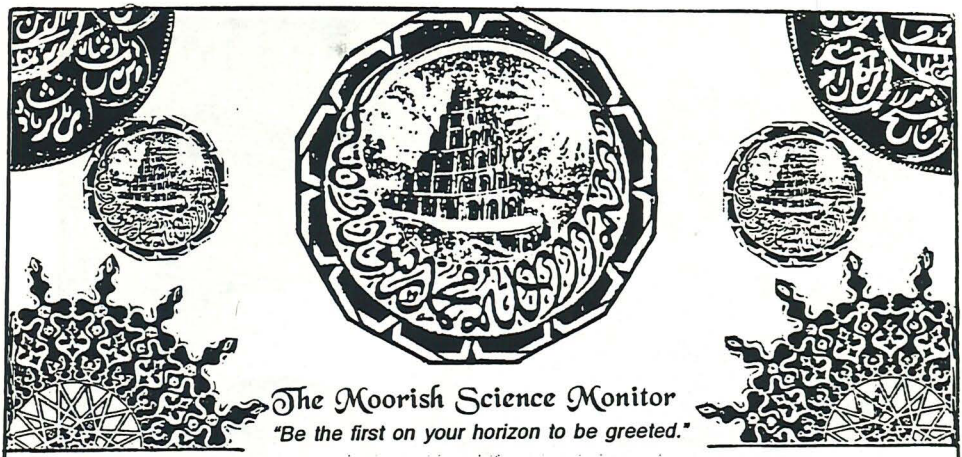


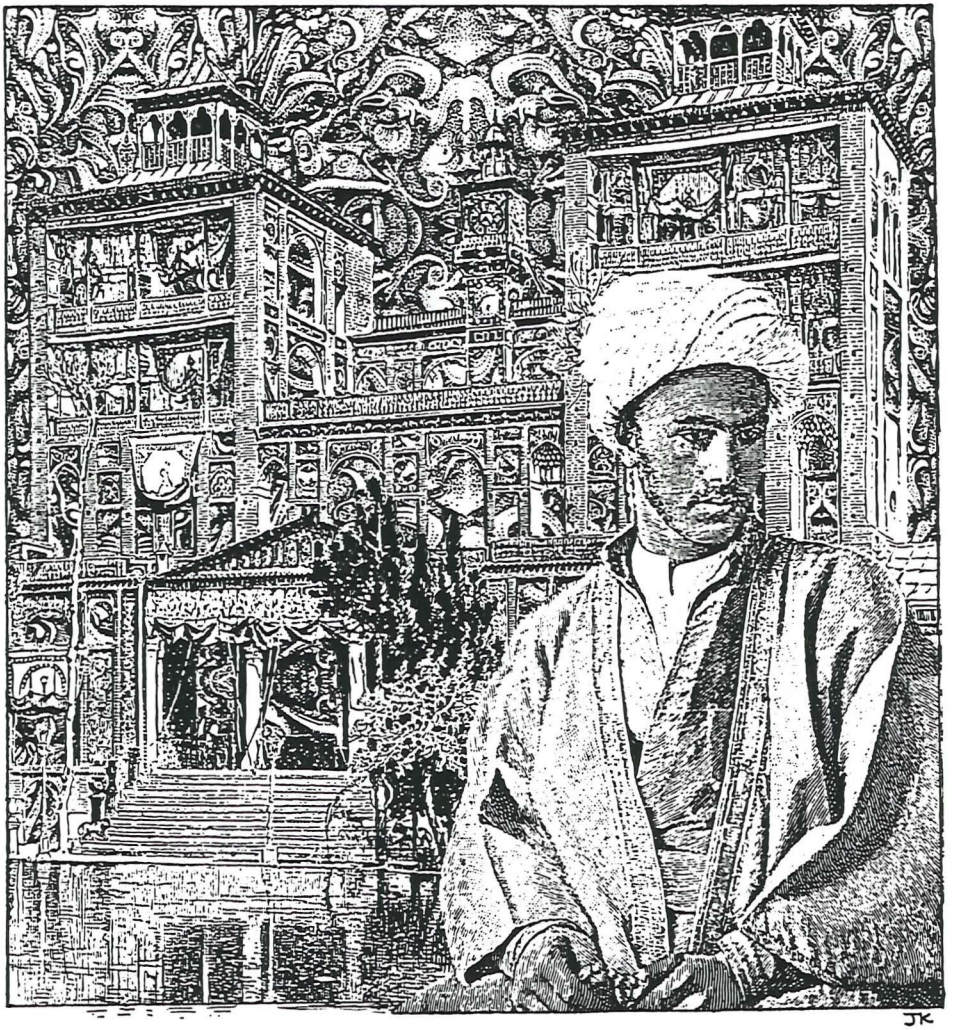
The Moorish Science Monitor

"Be the first on your horizon to be greeted."

12 April 1993

Welcome to the second Seattle issue of the MSM. Our first issue (Dec. '92) won high praise from all former editors known to us (those at Verlag Golem, Ziggurat and the Manhattan Lodge), and was the biggest, most profusely illustrated Monitor ever. This one is larger still, and even better, thus establishing a trend that will continue as long as the interest and support are out there. We are considering putting on fundraising shows for future issues if they don't start paying for themselves. No paid advertising is being contemplated at this time, but we haven't ruled it out. Needless to say, we welcome all contributions of text, graphics, advice, criticism and financial support.

As of this day six months of the ten-year Jubilee have come and gone, and still it remains very much out of sight -- a faint, muffled sound of jollity seeping up from underground revels. This was to be expected, but we begin to grow impatient with this pace, and so we have chosen May Day, Feast Day of St. Thomas Morton of Merrymount and Centennial of the opening of the World's



Columbian Exposition, as an appropriate beginning for Phase II: The Emergence. Plans are still sketchy here, but you needn't wait on us for instructions. Undermine the Empire of Lies, attack the links in the Chains of the Law and promote zerowork Jubilee in any and all ways you see fit.

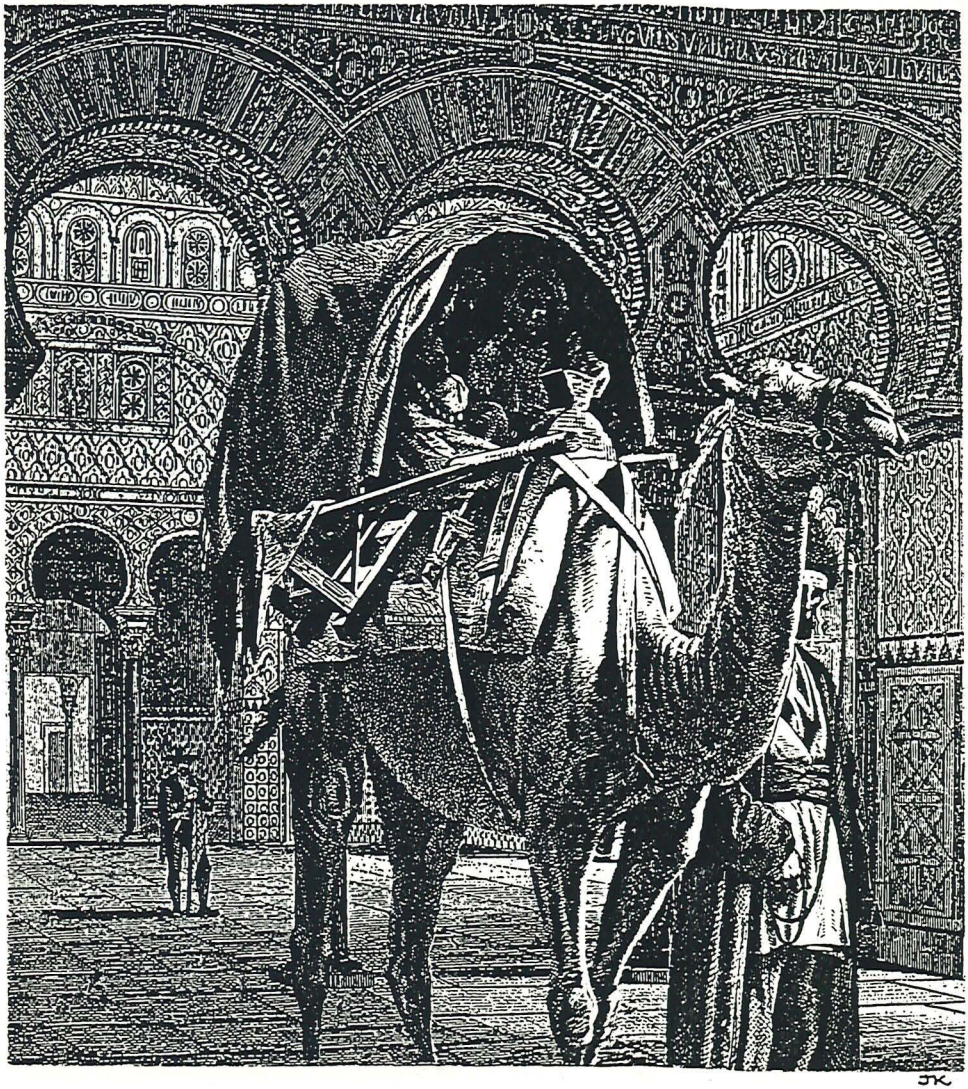
For Life, Love, Liberty and Levity,

James Koehnline/ MSM
P.O.Box 85777
Seattle, WA 98145-1777

Until such time as our readership grows a bit and we begin to sell as many copies as we trade and give away, we will have to ask for $3.00 a copy, $4.00 postpaid.

Also available:

* A few copies of our first issue (60 pages, $4 postpaid)
* History and Catechism of the Moorish Orthodox Church (8 pages, $1 postpaid)
*Chronicle of Higher Jubilation - an introduction to the Jubilee (12 pages, $1 postpaid)
* Festaludicon full-color postcards (SASE for samples)



NEWS, VIEWS & REVIEWS

from various bureaux & correspondents

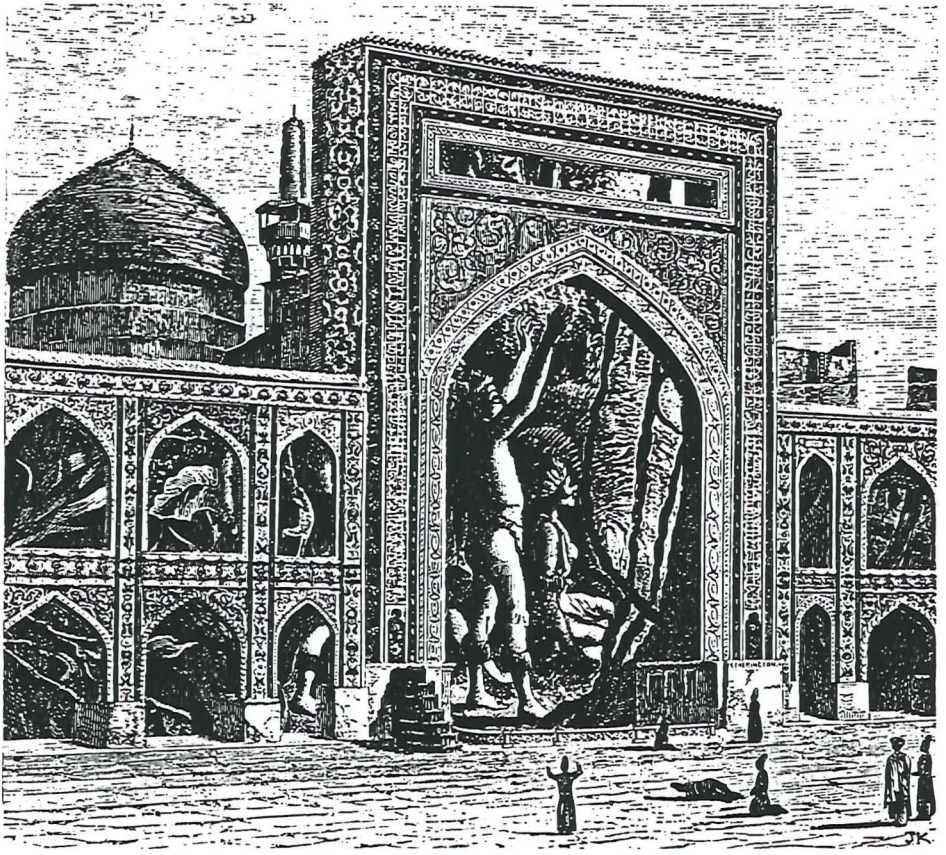
In our last issue we mentioned that Mark Sullivan, Moorish Castellan of Central Park, had become a deacon in the Free Catholic Church, an autocephalous church in the "Wandering Bishops" tradition with which the M.O.C. has had contacts over the years. On the vernal equinox this year, Mark was raised to the priesthood at St. Ann's of Morrisania in the South Bronx, by Bishop Christian Umberger, Abbot of the Order of the Christos. Two other Bishops were present; the ceremony was long, colorful, and (one might say) somewhat heretical, with hymns from the Anglican and the Advaita Vedanta traditions, and a homily by Rev. Bhante Suhitananda Dharma of the Zen Community of Yonkers. The Free Catholic Church is " an independant apostolic rite whose ministry is open to all...regardless of race, gender, marital

status and sexual orientation. Free Catholic "worker-priests' are expected to practise a spiritual path, and to develop a ministry of, their own choosing. ...The Order of the Christos is ...open to all sincere applicants who seek fellowship and guidance in the esoteric/ gnostic tradition ...a monastery without walls..." Mark runs an affiliated group, the Circle of the Free Spirit, in New York -- which will now become, as it were, the nucleus of a congregation. Now that Mark is a priest (and we hope he'll be a Bishop before too long!), the M.O.C. and the Circle of the Free Spirit have begun to consider an informal link amounting to an "intercommunion" -- that is, M.O.C. members who need Christian sacraments (such as marriage) or who prefer a Christian spiritual path can affiliate with the CFS. Interested parties should contact Father Mark Sullivan, Circle of the Free Spirit, Box 316, New York, NY 10023.

"Charged in St. Louis recently with operating a church as a front for organized crime was the Grand Sheikh of the Moorish Science Temple -- Jerry Lewis-Bey". This is quoted from a column of odd news items that appeared in the Chicago Reader last December. This constitutes the sum of our knowledge at present about the matter. We sincerely hope that it is not true.

As of this writing we are still awaiting news from San Francisco, where a new lodge of the M.O.C. is believed to be forming in the wake of an early February gathering in that fair city. The T.A.Z. event was held Feb. 6th at Club Komotion and was organized by Joe Metheny of Mediakaos. Present were such Moors and friends of the M.O.C. as Hakim Bey, Nick Herbert, Robert Anton Wilson, Peter Lamborn Wilson, Harpo ben Ishmael-Bey, Richard Bradshaw, Troy Skeels, Freddie Baer, Rob Brezsny, James Koehnline, etc. Peter Wilson and James Koehnline also made time for meetings at City Lights Books to tie up the loose ends of Peter's forthcoming book, Sacred Drift (a must for Moors). In the course of discussions these M.O.C. stalwarts apparently exuded sufficient enthusiasm to make two converts over lunch. We welcome Bob Sharrard and Nancy Joyce Peters, Long-time associate of Philip Lamantia and the American Surrealist Movement. Please send us a report for our next issue.

Another unfledged and as yet nameless lodge is beginning to imagine its existence in Seattle. Two informal gatherings have been



hosted bylocal Moors under the banner of the Moorish Science Reading Room, rambling afternoon discussions over coffees, wines and exotic smoking mixtures. Each meeting has a general theme: February's was "maps", March's was "village/community" and on April 24th we will gather in the evening to discuss, and to eat, "food" -- that's right, it's an M.O.C. potluck supper. I feel compelled to keep the location a secret in print, but if you'd like to attend, you should be able to find us without difficulty. Also, if you have any interest in the idea of a Moorish Orthodox Digeridoo Marching Band taking part in the Fremont Solstice Parade this year, please get in touch with the MSM soon.

Bro. Mahmud Irsay is currently on an official M.O.C. goodwill tour of our holy land, Morocco -- three weeks -- during which he hopes to research Jewish magic, sufism, filk music, etc. A full report is promised for our next issue.

A major Moorish conclave is planned for Wisconsin this summer in August at Dreamtime Village (W. Lima), home of Xexoxial Endarchy, and the Bender Hollow Phalanx & "G" School association (devoted to the study and propagation of Charles Fourier's "utopian socialism"). Liz Was and Miekal And recently added to their vast holdings an entire

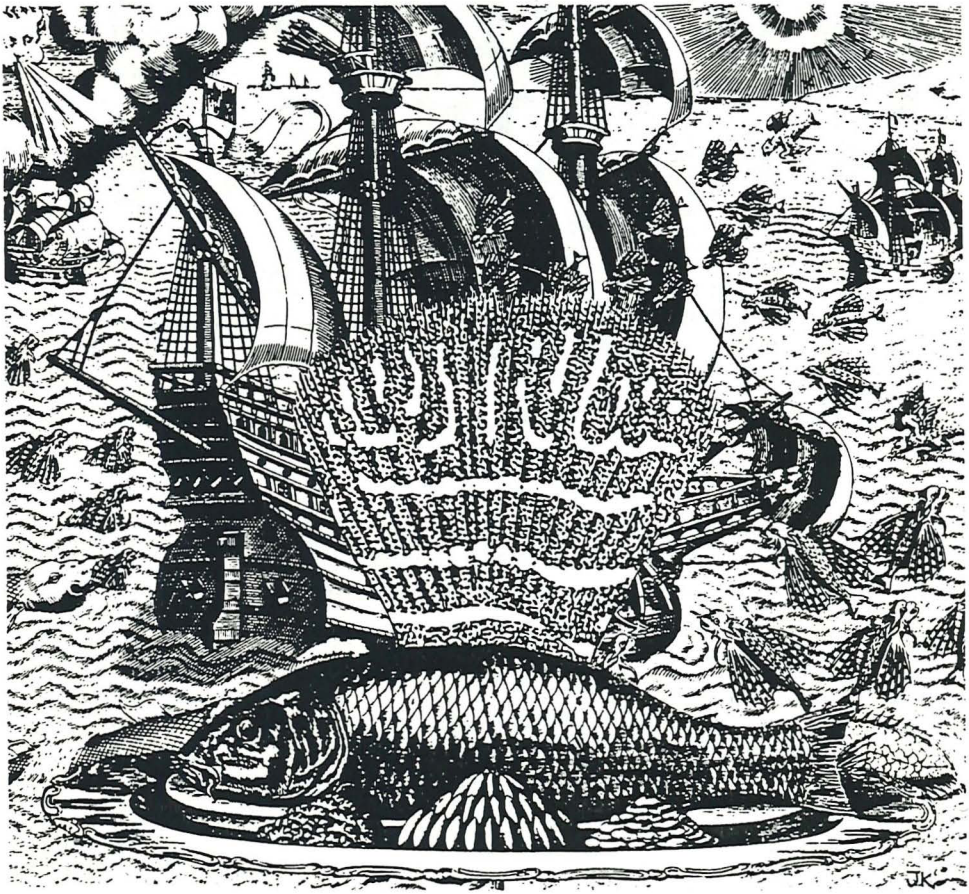
hotel, next to the Dreamtime School and Tibetan Take-out Cafe, with 20 rooms in it. One of these rooms, we hope, will be decorated as a Moorish Ashram -- anyway, that's our proposed project for the August Gathering. For information on how to get to Dreamtime, on what's going on and on Xexoxial Editions fine Publications, write to: Xexoxial Editions, Rt. #1, Box 131, LaFarge, WI 54639.

As noted elsewhere in this issue, a World's Parliament of Reli-

gions is being called for Aug. 28 - Sept. 5, in Chicago, to mark the centennial of the original. Should we boycott it because we haven't been invited? Should we make contact and attempt to send a delegate? Should we hold an alternative gathering in Dreamtime Village under the aegis of the World's Congress of Free (and/or weird) Religions?

And finally, while we are making pleas for reader participation, a few Seattle Moors are beginning to pull together an idea for an almanac in the spirit of the Zerowork Jubilee and the M.O.C. It's a lovely idea, but it would take a lot of people to create the right density and diversity of information. Take a look at the Farmer's Almanac and imagine what you would contribute to an almanac more relevant to your life and dreams, then drop us a line at the Monitor.

That's all for now. Please send your news, views & reviews to: The Moorish Science Monitor c/o James Koehnline, P.O.Box 85777, Seattle, WA 98145-1777.



While in S.F.,CA we made a pilgrimage to the grave of Emperor Norton in Colma, City of the Dead

--JK

Norton Imperator

"No more through the crowded streets he goes,
With his shambling gait and shabby clothes,
And his furtive glance and whiskered nose—
Immersed in cares of state.

The serpent twisted upon his staff
Is not less care less of idle chaff,
The mocking speech or the scornful laugh,
Than he who bore it late.

His nerveless hand has released the helm,
But ere the Lethean flood shall whelm
The last faint trace of his fancied realm,
Let us contrast his fate

With other rulers and other reigns,
Of royal birth or scheming brains,
And see if his crazy life contains
So much to deprecate.

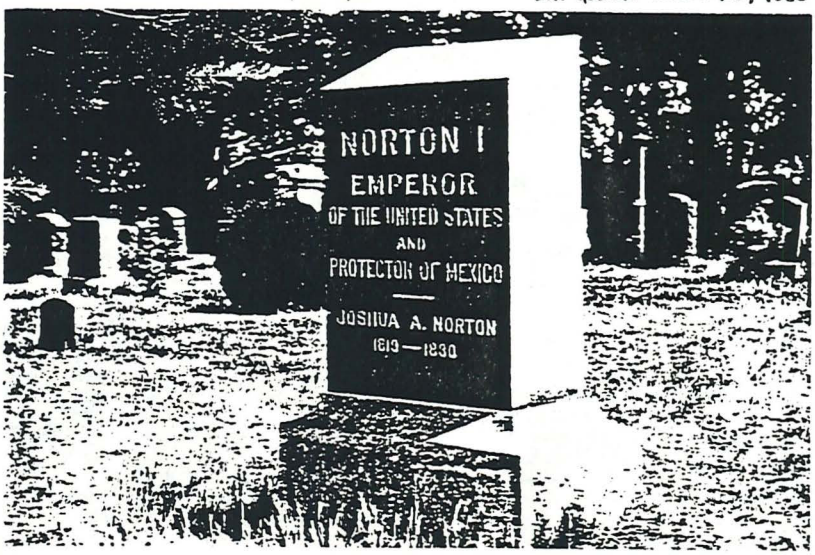
No traitorous friends, or vigilant foes,
Rippled the stream of his calm repose,
No fear of exile before him 'rose,
Whose empire was his pate.

No soldiers died to uphold his fame;
He found no pleasure in woman's shame;
For wasted wealth no well-earned blame
Turned subjects love to hate.

No long and weary struggle with pain;
One sudden throe in his clouded brain
Closed forever his bloodless reign,
With every man his friend.

For Death alone did he abdicate,
What Emperor, Prince or potentate,
Can long avoid a similar fate
Or win a better end!"

-DR. GEORGE CHISMORE, 1880



1993: A Year of Inter-religious Understanding and Co-operation

The World's Parliament of Religions met in Chicago, USA in 1893. To celebrate the centennial anniversary of this event, 1993 will be observed around the world as a year of 'Inter-Religious Understanding and Co-operation'.

To mark this occasion a series of events have been arranged throughout the world in 1993. The theme - **Sharing Visions of Interfaith Co-operation for the Next Century** - has been chosen by four major inter-faith organisations (detailed below). They have formed an International Interfaith Organisations Co-ordinating Committee to prepare a series of events in India, including a 'Religious People Meeting Together' gathering in Bangalore from 19-22 August and a one-day Centennial Festival in New Delhi on August 27.

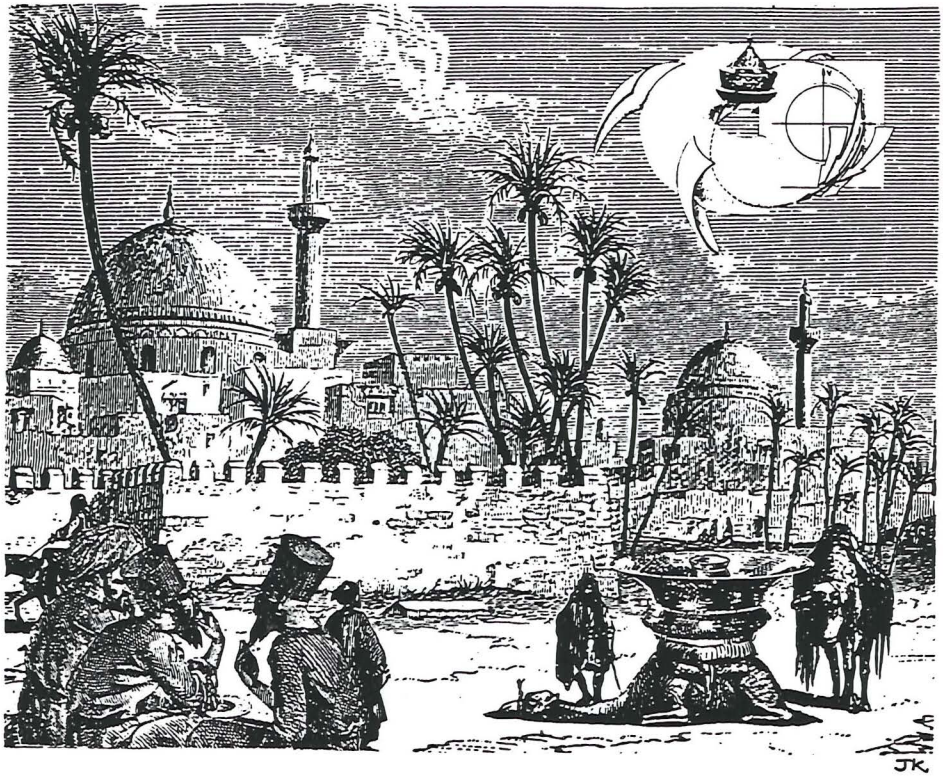
Also from 28 August to 5 September a conference will be held in Chicago by the World's Parliament of Religions and on the agenda during this period will be meetings, exhibitions and religious services.

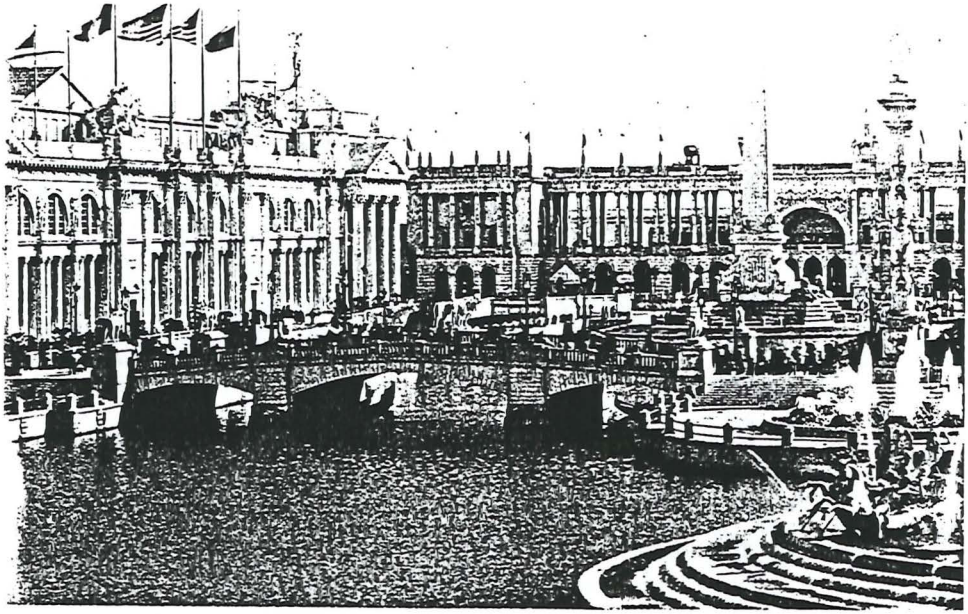
For details of the events in India, and news of events planned for your own country, please contact the following organisations:

International Association for Religious Freedom, Dreieichstrasse 59, D-6000 Frankfurt 70, Germany.
The World Congress of Faiths, 28 Powis Gardens, London W11 1JG, UK.
The Temple of Understanding, At the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, 1047 Amsterdam Avenue at 112th Street, New York, NY 10025, USA.
World Conference on Religion and Peace, 14 Chemin Auguste-Vilbert, CH-1218 Grand Saconnex, Geneva, Switzerland.

For details of the World's Parliament of Religions, contact:

Dr. Daniel Gomez-Ibanez, Council for a Parliament of the World's Religions, P.O. Box 377760, Chicago, Illinois 60637, USA.



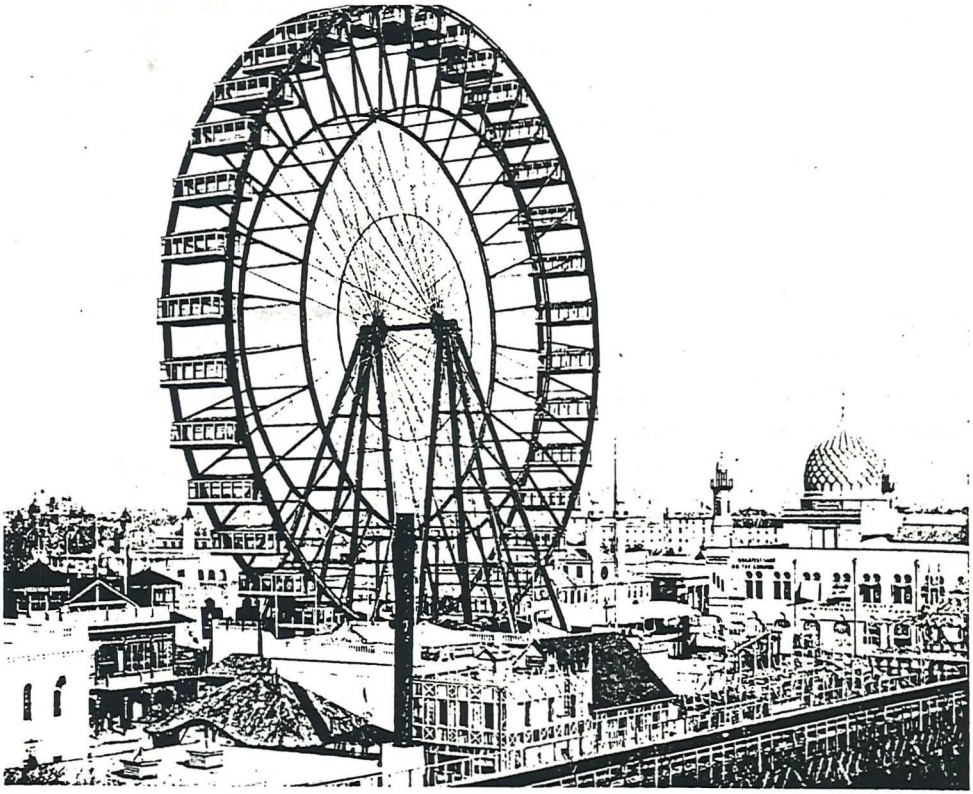


EDITORIAL

Harpocrates ben Ishmael- Bey

"BEEN SO LONG AT THE FAIR"

According to a little-known apocryphal, even heretical, account of the Prophet, Most Noble Drew Ali's early years, an account handed to me by one who claimed that the legend of Drew Ali's initiation in the Orient was simple obscurantism, but who may well have been indulging in confusionism himself, we read that our beautiful young cross-blood of the Great Dismal Swamp environs did indeed hit the road with a group of itinerant performers, but that this happened in 1893, when Drew Ali was only seven, and all roads led to the great Fair in Chicago, the World's Columbian Exposition, the biggest show of all time. Twenty-two years after the Great Chicago Fire, seven years after the infamous Haymarket Affair, Chicago built a massive scale model of the 20th Century as dreamed by the professional experts of an emerging world power. The occasion was the 400th anniversary of Columbus' first landfall in the "New World". It opened 7 months late because they just couldn't stop building -- over 200 buildings on 666 acres of marshy land along Lake Michigan. In addition to buildings there were canals and lagoons plied by gondolas and small steamboats, and elaborate landscaping by Olmstead, the Fourierist who designed Central Park and so many others. The Court of Honor, also known as the Great White



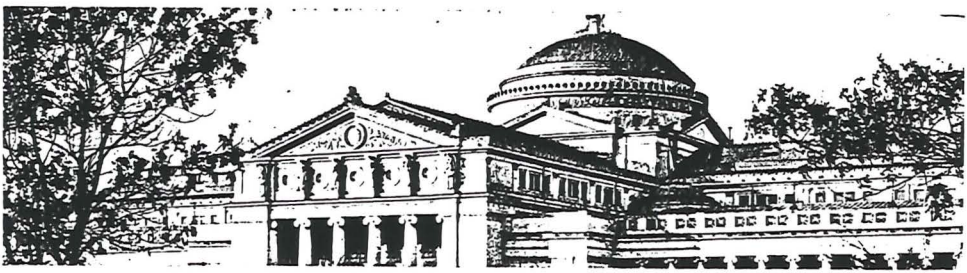
City, contained 40 enormous buildings housing the main exhibitions. These monsters of gleaming white marble, elaborately ornamented in high Victorian neoclassical style, were actually wood framing covered with "staff", a mixture of plaster and hemp fiber, sprayed with white paint from compressed air squirt-guns, a new invention. The whole Fair was laid-out as a gigantic illustration of prevailing "Social Darwinist" and Eugenic ideas. On the Midway Plaisance, the long strip leading up to the White City, the Department of Ethnology arranged the Pavillions of the "lesser" nations in order, from the most savage and primitive at the far end, to the most civilized, near the gates to the Great White City. In the middle stood the "Queen of the Midway", George Ferris' enormous Wheel, from which one could get a good view of the whole scheme, and beyond (On reaching the top, Hezekiah Butterworth exclaimed, "We shall see the whole Earth soon!").

There were several monuments to Columbus on the main grounds, such as the one in front of the Commerce Building, "Columbus Taking Possession". His image represented the official National Deity, Progress, and attendant seraphim such as Science, Wealth, Power and Civilization. The leading Columbus scholar of the day, Justin Winsor,

responding to the Admiral's detractors, announced: "Thhis is not the time for critical historical inquiry, it is a time to mark the wealth and civilization of a great people, and to mark the things that belong to their comfort and their ease, their pleasures and their luxuries, and their power..."

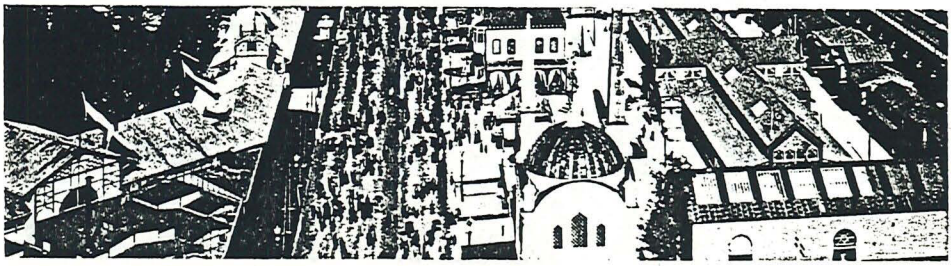
The U.S. Government minted a special half-dollar and sold it for a dollar to raise money for the Fair, the first Commemorative stamps were produced for the Fair, in values from 1¢ to $5, at a time when the top postage rate was $1.28. The first mass-produced picture postcards celebrated the wonders of the fair before it opened. By the time they finished building it had cost as much as the Panama Canal would a decade later.

On May Day, 1893, President Grover Cleveland addressed a crowd estimated at 300,000. Concluding his remarks precisely at noon, he pressed the ivory button of a gold telegraph key, closing a circuit that started thousands of engines, gears, belts, wheels and lights. The crowd roared, a huge choir burst into the "Hallelujah Chorus" amid the hum of engines, the gush of electric fountains and the thunder of artillery from vessels on the lake. The Fair was open. Almost immediately the stock market crashed, initiating the Panic of 1893 and one of the worst depressions in the nation's history. This had the effect of making the general population all the more anxious to leave the old century behind -- and so they came by the millions to see the gigantic Ferris Wheel, the first zipper, statues made of soap bars, windmills carved out of salt, pay telephones, typewriters and adding machines, Nicola Tesla's amazing electrical demonstrations, the first performances of Sousa's marching band, moving pictures -- Edison's in one pavillion and Muybridge's in another --, saccharin and Cracker Jacks, concrete paving and electrically baked hams, women in bloomers decrying the medical horrors of whalebone corsets, the debut of Aunt Jemima, phonograph records and the Great



White City itself, a spectacular magic carpet spread with the mechanized, electrified wonders of the dawning 20th Century, "...an assemblage of modernity designed to convince the visitor that all the marvels of the world and the products of all the master geniuses of art and invention, are gathered there to delight and instruct -- a very panorama of the possibilities of human ingenuity and persistent effort...". The Ceylonese monk, Dharmapala, sitting atop the Ferris Wheel, declared "All the joys of Heaven are in Chicago," to which his Anglican companion replied: "I wish I could be sure that all the joys of Chicago are to be found in Heaven." The Fair was its own Millennium, the howling Wilderness was tamed and a New Jerusalem built in the New World. So what if Jane Addams' purse was stolen on opening day, the crime rate soared, the mayor was shot and the Pullman Strike was brewing across town? Frederick Jackson Turner came to the Fair to expound his Frontier Thesis of American history, and to officially announce the closing of the frontier. City planners and social engineers were poised to step in and take over. There was nowhere else left to go. With the land mapped and spoken for, people began to gaze at the sky, hopefully -- setting off a great wave of UFO sightings, massive glowing airships -- but they went to the Fair.

Across Stony Island Avenue Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show enjoyed a record-breaking season, presenting great warriors of recently defeated Indian nations, performing tricks for the tourists, while out on the plains the ghost-dancers called on heavenly whirlwinds to cleanse the Earth of the white man and his works. But the magic being worked at the Fair proved to be more potent, as a brave new world was christened, all dressed-up in a white christening gown, all ruffles and ribbons and white lace. And who was this



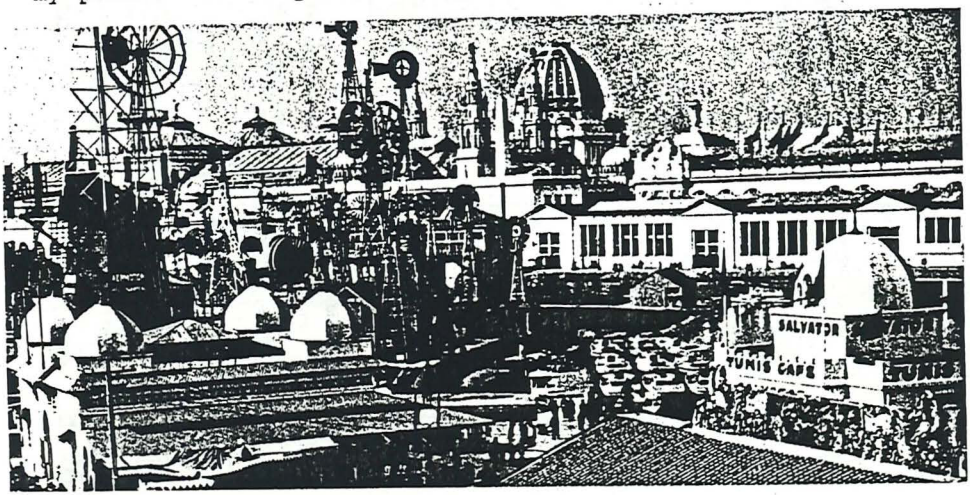
in the white gown, with the face of an imaginary Columbus (taking possession) and the name "Progress" and those weird electric mechanical eyes? The true name of this terrible child was (and is) "Control".

Here's how it happened: The continuous acceleration of material processing and distribution capabilities led to a crisis of control -- the nightmare of ever-more powerful machines escaping our inadequate controls, best seen in the example of the railroads: countless collisions, rail cars commonly misplaced for months at a time, utter confusion reigning in the distribution systems. The application of continuous processing technologies led to massive overproduction of such things as oatmeal, flour, soap, cigarettes, matches, canned goods and film. By the 1880s producers of consumer goods in the U.S. were beginning to seriously confront the need to stimulate consumption, to differentiate between virtually identical mass-produced products, to build name brand loyalty and to create new markets. A great many innovations are clustered around the time of the Fair: first national publicity stunts and million dollar advertising campaigns, typewriters and calculating machines, time and motion studies, 500 page mail order catalogs, patents for brand names and logos, trading stamps, proliferating billboards, etc. At the same time city planners, social engineers and public relations men were welcomed into the highest circles of government, the social science professions boomed, public and private police forces proliferated, Hygiene and Eugenics were hot topics, prisons for the insane and the feeble-minded sprang up all over. All of the innovations of the Control Revo-

lution came together for the first time at the Fair, a virtual Society of the Spectacle in microcosm, with the Midway attached -- like a vestigial tail -- announcing that we will tolerate and protect the backward "tourist" nations as long as they dance for us. By the turn of the century the exported Control Revolution was remaking societies around the globe.

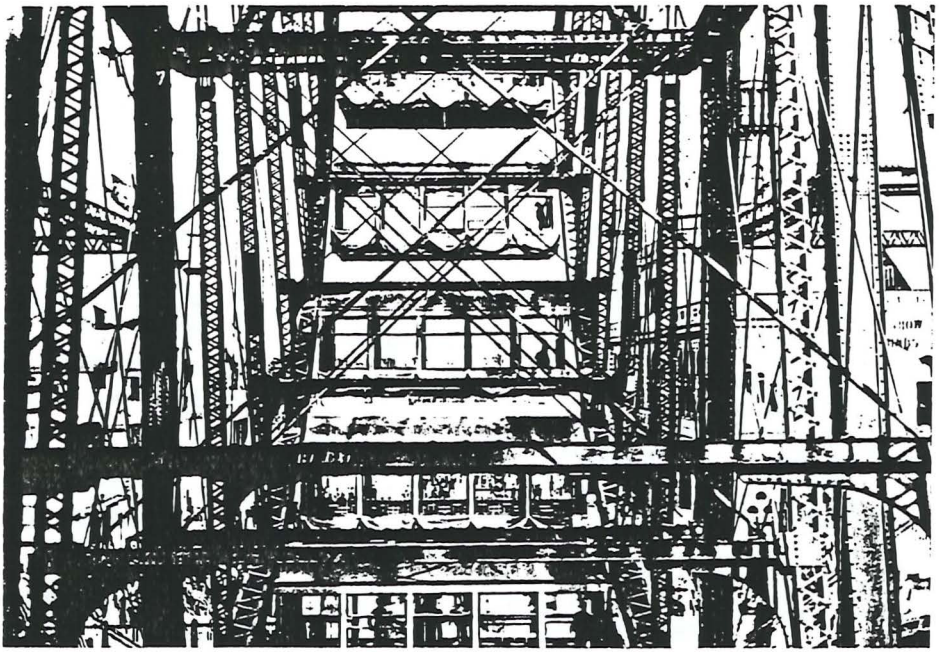
As for the architecture of illusion -- the White City with its cheap, temporary imitation of gleaming marble -- it immediately found employment in the construction of the first great amusement parks (such as the early ones on Coney Island: Steeplechase, Luna and Dreamland) where such fantastic architecture flourished until World War One. After the Great War the parks seemed a bit tame for a nation just returned from the bloodbath of the European trenches, and by 1920 this style had moved on to the grand movie palaces, where it was gradually taken on by the movies themselves. After the Second World War no more palaces were built. By that time we had been sufficiently trained to keep our eyes on the screens, so it didn't much matter where we were sitting. In fact, we were ready to invite the Spectacle into our own homes. Plastic has replaced plaster in today's Disneylands and theme parks, but there's still a use for certain strains of hemp, both "at the Fair" and in front of the TV.

I'll end this lengthy digression by simply stating my point: The significance of the World's Columbian Expo-



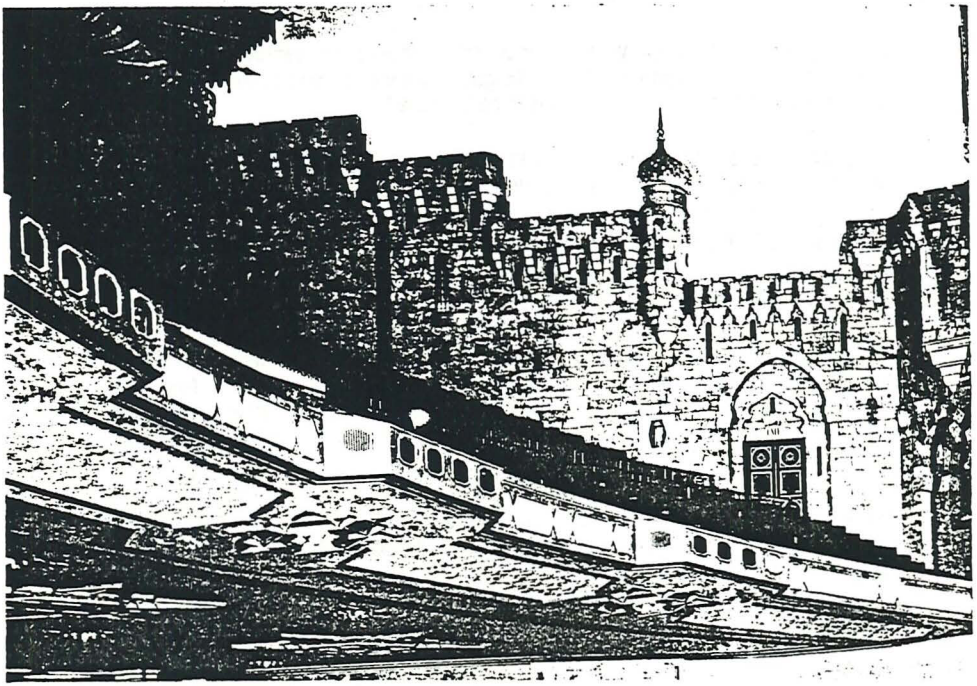
sition of 1893 is that we never came home from it. We've been so long at the Fair! We did indeed see the whole Earth, and a good many other things to boot -- and we learned to fly as well, but few of us, as individuals, will ever really desert the Great White Civilization of Control while we are alive.

You might well ask what all this has to do with the Prophet, Most Noble Drew Ali. Let's go back to that vestigial tail, the Midway Plaisance. Among the attractions of the Midway we find The Streets of Cairo, Little Egypt doing the hootchy-kootchy, Algerian Beggars, Moorish barbers, Arabian carpenters, the Turkish Village with its opium den, a Bedouin encampment, the Algeria and Tunis Pavillion, an Indian Bazaar, the Javanese Settlement, the Persian Concession and the Moorish Palace. Some of the people working these attractions were foreign nationals as advertised, while many others were Americans playing the parts with wildly varying degrees of believability. When you recall that Chicago during the Fair was the one bright spot in a gloomy and depressed country, you begin to understand a man's account of his boyhood pilgrimage to Mecca. Add to that the fact that at the same time and in the same place the black version of the Mystic



Order of the Shrine was founded, with some fanfare in the black community -- and great costumes. Finally, consider that among the scholarly "Congresses" held in conjunction with the Fair was the World's Parliament of Religions, the likes of which had not been seen since the court of Akbar. Religious leaders from almost everywhere, including a number of representatives of the various branches of Islam, expounded at length on the tenets of their respective creeds, amid such harmony and understanding that many felt the Millennium was at hand. The Hindu sectarian Vivekananda was the stand-out star of the show and stayed on in the U.S. making many converts. It was around this time that small numbers of urban blacks began converting to Islam due to the missionary efforts of certain foreign sects, no doubt inspired by the success of the Parliament.

It is not my intention here to seriously challenge the official Church history currently emanating from our Eastern Secretariat -- I just couldn't let this centennial year go by without remarking on the intriguing possibilities. It seems to make 1993 a perfect choice for the first full year of Zerowork Jubilee, regardless of whether Drew Ali went to the Orient or to Chicago.



Hibernian Illuminati

Sinn Fein Amhain!
Mishe Eire!
Durtaigh disloigheal Reideal aighris dogs!

Founded by Hassan i Sabbah 5092 A.M.
Reformed by Theobald Wolfe Tone 5791 A.M.

James Koehnline
Moorish Science Monitor
PO Box 85777
Seattle WA 98145-1777

Dear Jim,

Thanks for the sample copy of your excellent journal. I hereby offer you the traditional little mag trade -- I'll put you on my subsciption list free if you put me on yours. Okay?

I found the Black Thorn manifesto especially interesting. A few years ago, whilst I lived in the Blessed Emerald Isle, a chap named Bob Quinn presented a lot of evidence of Irish/Moorish interaction in three hour-long TV documentaries on RTE (Radio Telefis hEirann.) Some of Quinn's data really fascinated me. For instance:

Quinn played a tape of West County Irish music to various experts in Continential Europe and asked them to guess where it came from. All but one said "North Africa." The one dissenter said "Asia."

He showed quick intercuts of a type of dancing in which the body is held very rigid and the feet move rapidly (called *flamenco* in Spain and step-dancing in Western Ireland.) This dancing style extends from North Africa and Spain to Breton France and Ireland.
He showed medieval Irish "illuminated manuscripts" and Moorish art of the same centuries. The resemblences seemed too great for coincidence.

The Celtic cross with "Bismillah" on it, found in Kerry, is carbon date c. 900 C.E. Even earlier is the skull of a Barbary ape dated c 100 C.E. found in Northern Ireland. Evidently, that one did not come from Gibralter, but from Africa, because the apes did not reach Gibralter until (if I remember rightly) c 1700.

Roman authors refer to the Celts as tall and blonde. The Irish are usually short and mostly dark-haired. Quinn says this indicates that a non-Celtic gene pool mixed with the Celtic in Ireland. Most telling of all, however: Type O blood, common in North Africa, is rare on the European continent and common again in the three Westernmost counties of Ireland.

Only two languages say "Issa" for "Jesus" -- Irish Gaelic and Arabic.

Quinn had a lot more which I cannot perfectly recall at this point (three hours of similar data....)

Quinn's interpretation of Paddy driving out the snakes: the first Christians in Ireland were Gnostics, who used the snake as a symbol of Illumination, *a la* the kundalini. When Pope Adrian IV issued the bull *Laudibiliter*, authorizing the English invasion of Ireland (Aug 23, 1170 -- a day that lives in **infamy**) he gave as reason the necessity of introducing Christianity to the "pagan" Irish. Most historians say this merely indicates that due to inadequate communication in those days Rome didn't know Ireland had turned Christian c 400 C.E. Quinn says the Pope knew damn well they were Christian and Gnostic and wanted to make them Christian and Papist.

Iffen you wanna know more about Quinn and his ideas, I suppose he can be reached by writing to

Bob Quinn
Radio Telfis hEirann
Donnybrook
Dublin 4
Ireland

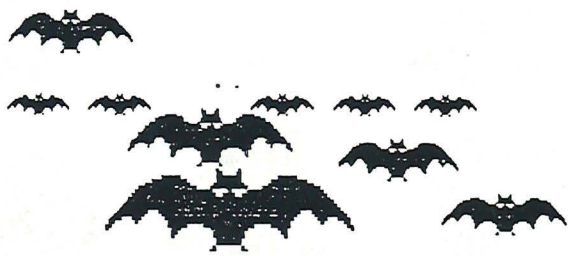
(It may be undiplomatic to say this, but it fascinates me anyway, since half my ancestors came from that part of Ireland: those three Western counties, bordering on the Atlantic, have most of the schizophrenics and alcoholics in the whole 26 counties of the Republic. Can't be coincidence, but it how it ties in with assumed Moorish genes and Islamic culture I do not claim to know....)

Of course, as Buckaroo Banzai said, "No matter where you go, there you are." Sort of makes you think, doesn't it?

Keep the lasagna flying.

Bob W

ROBERT ANTON WILSON

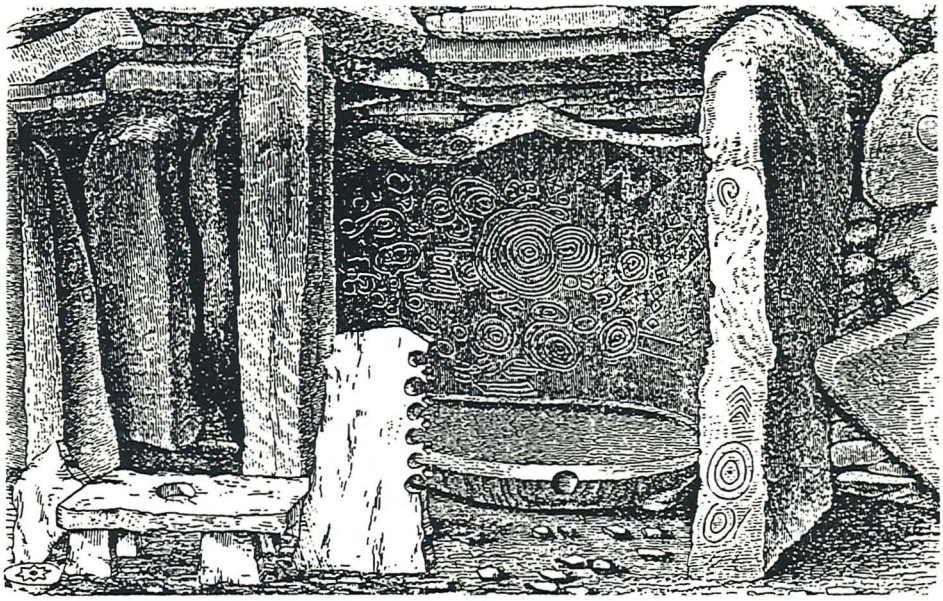


Ο Δορδ μψ Γοδ ισ τηερε νο ηελπ φορ τηε Ωιδοωϑσ σον?

Ex Ignorantia ad Sapientam, Ex Luce ad Tenebris

Ours is the Original and Genuine *Ismaeli* Illuminati

Beware of Cheap Bavarian Imitations



MOORISH TAG DAY UPDATE

In the last issue we published the Black Thorn League Manifesto, which was essentially a meditation on Noble Drew Ali's mysterious teachings about Ireland as "once a part of the Moorish Empire"; St. Patrick's banishing of the snakes as a mask for expulsion of the Irish Moors; and the Celts as an "Asiatic race". Since writing that text we have discovered a vast amount of material relating to this legend, although we still do not know how it reached Noble Drew --- revelation? Perhaps -- but we now believe even more strongly that the legend itself is far older than Drew Ali's recension, and we suspect he heard it from authentic "folk" sources. Mixed African/Irish communities are far more common in the "New" World than we knew or expected -- to give 2 examples: the Black Irish of Jamaica (descended from Cromwell's Irish serfs who intermarried with slave and maroon groups in Barbados and Jamaica); and Seneca Village, a settlement of squatters -- Irish, Black and Native American -- who in 1853 were forcibly driven out of the area of Manhattan now occupied by Central Park. The story of the 1741 St. Patrick's Day Riot in New York (see last issue) may have survived in some such community as a legend of African-Irish connections. But the story goes back, back, back -- unbelievably far back.

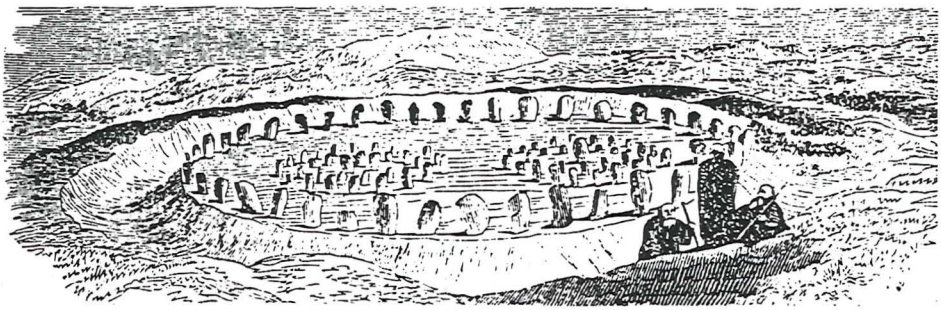
Our first breakthrough -- the first indication of a whole school of history devoted to the Irish/Moorish question -- came with the purchase of a book in Dublin, by an Irish journalist named Bob Quinn

(Atlantaean: Ireland's N. African & Maritime Heritage, Quartet books, London/NY, 1986). We Hope to meet Quinn this year during our next visit to Ireland. His book is not scholarly, but it is wonderfully enthusiastic. Nearly every chapter throws light on what I've now come to think of as the Quest. Impossible to give a full preçis.

Leaving aside all the material Quinn has collected on, say, Egyptian influence on the early Celtic Church -- or Hispano-Moorish-Irish maritime connections -- or the Barbary Pirates (Quinn missed the fact that Irish pirates converted to Islam and took part in the Sallee Republic, a Moroccan corsair utopia -- a subject on which I'm trying to find bibliography) -- in other words, leaving aside the historical era, we get to the gist of Quinn's hypothesis: the "Irish" and the "moors" are the same people (he never says it outright but it's clearly what he's thinking). But who are they?

Quinn's first clue is music -- the eerie similarity between Moroccan Berber music and Irish seannos or chant-style singing. We explored this on our radio show, the Moorish Orthodox Radio Crusade, using folk music collected by Sean O'Riada (the late great Irish composer) and comparing it with Gnaoua, Jajuka, High Atlas Berber and other Moroccan forms. The similarities are indeed stunning. But even more astonishing (how did Quinn miss this?): Ireland and Morocco have the only pentatonic scales west of China and Java!!

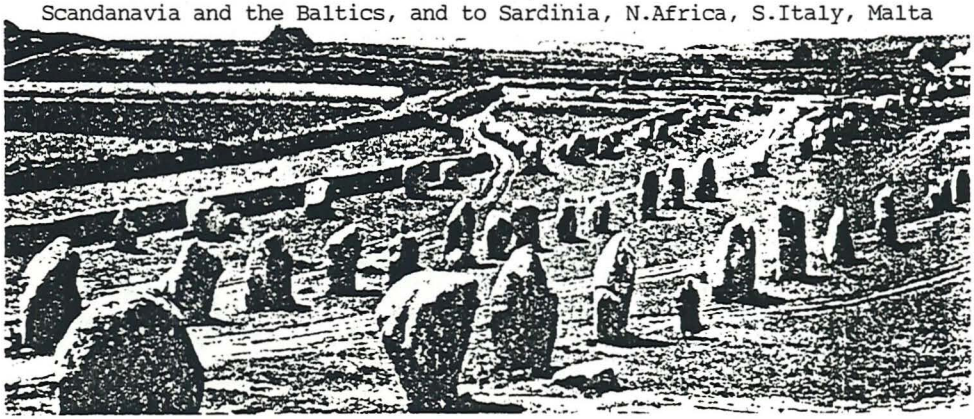
Quinn's second clue is language. A number of linguists and philologists, ranging from morris Jones at the turn of the century to Heinrich Wagner (in The Celtic Consciousness, NY 1981) have attempted to isolate the pre-Celtic substructure in Irish. Too complicated to explain here. The result? Connections between Irish and Berber, and ancient Egyptian! (Pardon the exclamation points -- just can't help it!) This school of thought is poo-pooed by the Academic Boss Class -- but it refuses to go away. It's not mere crankism, either (not that we have anything against cranks) -- but as far as I can judge, it is daring, but thoroughly "scientific".



The third clue is -- Megaliths. Now so far in life I've resisted "Megalithomania" (as John Michell calls it) but here I'm afraid I've succumbed. I've read about 20 books on the subject so far, and am developing my own...crackpot theory. Quinn suggests (as does the turn-of-the-century scholar, T. W. Rolleston, in Celtic Myths and Legends, 1917) that the pre-Celtic population of Ireland and the rest of the Insular or thalassic-Atlantic world, the people who built the megaliths, were not wiped-out but absorbed by the late-coming Celts, who preserve significant "megalithic" strains of folklore as well as music and language; and that these people are even more clearly represented in the modern world by Berbers (who have not been absorbed by the Arabs). Quinn and Rolleston go so far as to imagine that Megalithism arose first in Morocco and that the proto-Berbers (as in Iberian and Hibernian, the Classical names for pre-Aryan aborigines of Spain and Ireland) were in fact the "Megalithic Missionaries" envisioned by certain archaeologists.

Quinn complains with complete justice that academic Megalithologists never discuss North Africa, even though it's apparently crawling with menhirs -- and I immediately noticed the Eurocentric bias to most of their work. The politics of all this are complex. People used to believe that the megaliths were Celtic ("druidic") in origin, and that they were pale, distant echoes of Crete, Greece, Egypt, the great Near Eastern Neolithic civilizations. Gordon Childe, for instance, believed that the "Megalithic Missionaries" were Greeks or Egyptians. Very recently, however, carbon dating has exploded the "Near Eastern diffusion" theory. The earliest megaliths are older than the pyramids -- as old as Jericho and Catal Huyuk.

Carbon dating suggests, in fact, that Megalithism arose in Spain or Brittany around 5000 BCE, and spread from there to Britain, Ireland, Scandanavia and the Baltics, and to Sardinia, N.Africa, S.Italy, Malta

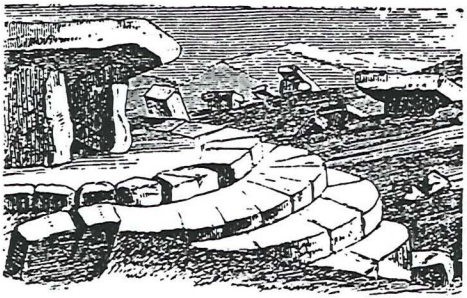


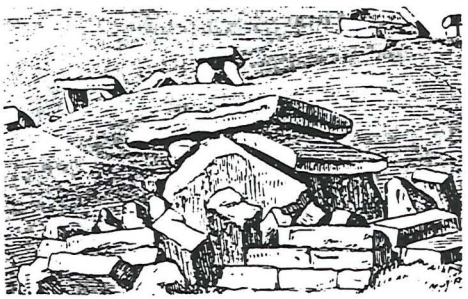
and....Egypt! (Almost no carbon dating has been done in North Africa so Quinn's suspicions about Moroccan origins may still prove correct.) But in the light of carbon dating the academics have renounced ALL forms of Diffusionism. To listen to them now you'd think prehistoric humans were too dumb to travel at all. Everything is now explained according to the theory of Parallel Development -- i.e., everyone invented megeliths separately and on their own, because they'd reached the right 'stage of development".

Lord, what horseshit! OBVIOUSLY people travelled -- by sea, as Quinn points out -- far back into the Paleolithic. The Neolithic Atlantaean or Atlantic peoples were OBVIOUSLY very cosmopolitan (linked by ceremonial "gift" routes along which they traded exquisite ceremonial stone axes -- and Megalithic "doctrines" too, no doubt).

Without going into the arguments, I will assert here that Megalithism was a religion based on the calendar (the first ideology) and on agriculture. It bears great similarities to the super-ancient agricultural religion of the Near East (explored by T. Gaster in his magnificent Thespis), but with several major differences. For one thing the megaliths themselves were not temples (Near Eastern Style) but observatories, calendars ritual dance/thater sites, fairs for gift exchange, and colleges for higher learning, al in one. (Classical authors called the megalith builders Hyperboreans, and their shamans, the Boreates -- note the B'R root Again!) For another thing, the megalithic people were less hierarchically structured than the Near Easterners. Ther retained a tribal or "segmentary" social structure based on the catagories of sept, chief and shaman, rather than city, king and priest. This can be shown both archaeologically and by examination of 20th century megalithic cultures in, say, Sumatra or Madagascar....

I could go on (and I will) -- but here I'll skip to the subject of folklore. The so-called "Celtic" calendar of Ireland is very likely megalithic in origin (see K. Danaher in The Celtic Conscious-

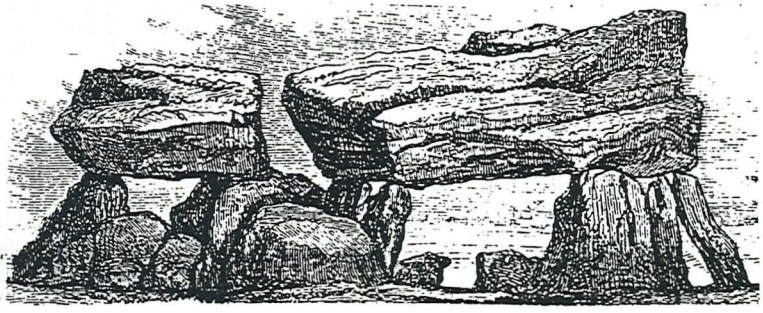


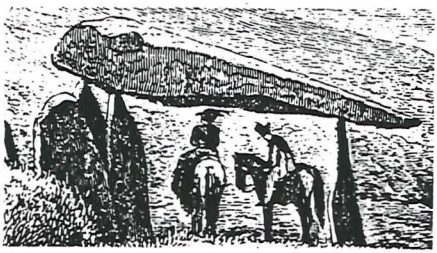


ness). The megaliths themselves are obviously pre-Celtic in origin, so that all "Celtic" folklore about them must be sifted out; what's left might contain hints about megalithic culture. I need access to certain key early texts (long out of print or horribly expensive), such as The Book Of Invasions, to carry out this task. So far, I believe I've located a complex of pre-Celtic themes in the myth of the Fomorians, the one-legged, one-eyed giants who were already in Ireland when the Celts (the Tuatha de Danaan) first arrived -- although in some versions the Fomorians came from the sea. (Note: Amur, an ancient name for Morocco or Mauritania; Amorica, ancient name for Brittany; and Fomorians.) Even the late "druidic" legends of the megaliths are worth studying; yet more promising, however, are the non-learned, non-aristocratic traditiond embedded in, say, the Fenian Cycle and the legendary history of Munster (see Rees & Rees, Celtic Heritage, London, 1961); and Breton peasant lore and fairy tales (see J.-P. Mohen, The World of Megaliths, NY 1989).

Recently I borrowed and read the entire 1,238 pages of Westermarck's great Ritual and Belief in Morocco (Quinn also missed this). To my amazement I discovered that in the 1920s the Berbers were still building stone circles and erecting menhirs! Westermarck devotes hundreds of pages to Moroccan stone cults, holy wells and mountains, snake cults, and other pre-Islamic survivals. The Berbers perform (on Midsummer Eve!) a burlesque version of the ancient Neolithic Calendrical drama, described by Gaster, and also found in Britain as the "Mummer Plays and Morris (i.e. Moorish) Dances".

In short, I believe that a fairly complete reconstruction of megalithic culture is possible, based on a revised Diffusionism and comparative folklore, which will amply support Quinn's hypothesis of a pre-historic link between Morocco and Ireland. Once this link has been thoroughly researched, I believe that one of Noble Drew Ali's craziest ideas will turn out to be sheer fact, expressed in religious





metaphors. WE still need to do a tremendous amount of work -- on snakes (and dragons) for example -- on Irish and Moroccan prehistorical archaeology -- on music (I'm no ethnomusucologist) -- even on the Barbary Pirates. I'm writing this to solicit help. The story of Moorish Tag Day is expanding into an epic. I'm foundering in a dozen swamps of bibliography. A project like this should be multidisciplinary. The Black Thorn League needs active researchers!

In closing: -- Our Moorish Deacon of Paris, Wm. Strangmeyer, brought to my attention the fact that a "Count of the Black Thorn" plays a minor role in one of the Arthurian romances, Hartmann Von Aue's Iwein (NY/London, 1984), a book I Haven't seen yet. On this basis, however, we should claim an ancient and honorable lineage for the Black Thorn League. History, after all, is a game. The point is to be knights -- not pawns.

— Hakim Bey

" I lay you under prohibitions, and restrictions, and death, and destruction, to go and bring me the King of Morocco's bay filly that outruns the wind and leaps over the wall of castle-bawns."

--From "The Greek Princess and the Young Gardener", in Patrick Kennedy, Irish Fireside Folktales, collected in the 1860s in Co. Wexford

لا إله إلا الله محمد رسول الله
SOUTH AMERICA

A GAME FOR THE NINETIES: ASE

by NEAL KEATING

It is 1993 and the general observation that the practice of people submitting to work on a daily normalized basis is the primary motor reproducing the daily phenomena of society continues to be all too accurate.

Part of these phenomena are the ideologies and thinking about the process of social reproduction---the reflecting on the doing. Controlling these reflections through the division and specialization of knowledge has had a regulating effect determining what is and what is not suitable for framing as germane questions. An example of the latter is the question of what comes after the commerce-state-class form of power; or, what comes after the rule of law? This determination of relevance---in its turn---maintains the ongoing submission to work, not unlike the way the blinders keep a poor horse in a dumb race..

The Marxist discourse generally dismissed ideology as a peripheral, a "super-structural", aspect of social phenomena. Subsequent critiques of Marx, notably those of the Frankfurt school and the situationists, recognized a more essential function of ideology. Ideas and actions are never separate. Dreaming and thinking are also actions. Arranging dreams and thoughts into systems of ideas or visions is another form of action. They are actions that are different from the "physical" action of the deed. An interelation nevertheless obtains between them. It is a murky yet potent juxtaposition of a binary pair of opposites. It was when Adorno tried to elucidate it, and it is even more so today.

Social life in the "first world" today is largely based on the ironic fear of the violence that its very own class

structures produce. The fantasy of races continues as a central explanation of violence. The concept of race is a categorical arrangement of difference that is especially suited, if not custom-made, for the divisions neccessary to class structures. The kinds of differences produced by these structures must by their nature stress the superiority of the one over the other. They must reflect hierarchical structure over reciprocity. Yet these differences are in fact fantasies generated by this stratified nature for the purposes of its ongoing maintenance. History is especially resplendent with examples to be cited in the present for the purposes of upholding this or that body of law. The familiar theme is as follows: "You want to know what happens when the law breaks down? Well, look at history". It is often violent. But that is not all it is. History is also always partial, always incomplete. It tends to leave out the best parts of the human story---*those parts where people got away*. History itself is directly linked to law. When law breaks down, or when law never existed, is when the writing of history---the documentation of activity---is absent or simply never was. That does not mean there is no activity. It does not mean that it leaves no traces behind---it does. But for us flatlanders trained in obediance and conformity to the rule of law, those traces are more problematic than explanatory. Just like the brightness of a full moon blots out the stars around it, so too does the spectacular glow of our categories of thought---our epistemic machines---block the full view of the other epistemological figures: the heteroclites. There are blinders on our imaginations. It is said that if we remove them, the greater blindness may wreck our eyes with wonder. Is that really so bad?

For example, there have been found at many archaeological sites in the Northeastern Woodlands of North

America such traces as to indicate the presence of an extensive and quick network of exchange among indigenous people here, just prior to the contact period (ca.1600 a.d.), and going back at least two centuries. The nature of this network continues to elude those scholars laboring under today's social scientific frameworks of inquiry. In these woodlands, with these people, there was no commodification, there were no profits, and no property. These are the forces that animate modern networks of commerce. There are entire libraries boasting of the collective understanding of these three forces. But when confronted with the question of what the motor driving woodlands exchange was, the specialists generally shrug their shoulders and quickly move along. Or if they try, they can only cast their answer in terms that make sense in their a priori epistemic assumptions, e.g. they were pre-capitalist: they were on their way to establishing statist institutions but got interrupted by their collision with Europe. Such assumptions are still widely held, and for good reason---they emphasize the class structures currently in place. The other idea---that woodlands exchange was driven by a different kind of motor that cannot be explained within first world epistemic frameworks---emphasizes reciprocity, and as such must naturally be omitted from relevance.

I now propose a new form of praxis, and one that is already beginning to be engaged spontaneously and diversely. Adopting Bakunin's basic "revolutionary negation", that the urge to destroy is always already a creative urge; along with Proudhon's dicta "property is theft" and incorporating Durkheim's idea of the conscience collective (i.e., that complex of socio-cultural behavioral codes that precede and inform the human that is born into it), I will outline a game of historical/ideological disrupture for anti-

authoritarians, to be played in those interludes between deeds.

The object of this game, then, is to apply an emancipatory epistemology (free-frame thinking, or as Feyerabend puts it "anything goes") to the conscience collective through its venues of daily life. In particular the venue of historical reference that both legal and political systems depend on is a particularly febrile location favoring successful play. But so is a St. Patrick's Day parade (bring back the snakes), or a night of playful mischief in the streets. Alas, so too is the workplace.

Epistemology is the question about how knowledge is formed or produced. How do we know things? How do we explain that the knowledge of things changes? Virtually every statement involves a number of given assumptions. How do particular assumptions come to be accepted as given? Answering these questions involves digging into issues and forces rather primary but not readily apparent. Digging into them with Bakunin's revolutionary negation can be highly combustible, and just as satisfying.

Let's call this game Applied Systematic Entropy (ASE). Assume your lived experience is a temporary locus through which many diverse historical forces pass and collide, more or less randomly or at the behest of some strange gods, violently or non-violently. The movement of these forces constitutes the historical process. It is the active component of the conscience collective. Let's call this process a river. And into this river are innumerable other loci of experience from time immemorial that alter the flow of the river in subtle and not-so-subtle ways. Your move is to place an altered locus into the river and observe the effects it makes (Does it make enticing ripples? Does it make a huge jam, the kind that breaks bridges?). In choosing

what locus to place where, you are guided by one rule--- *anything goes*. That is it. Taking notes is a good idea. A robust history will confound and evoke. It might not explain anything at all. Remember that the removal of the blinders, Blake's "bursting the mind-forg'd manacles", is the goal. Sometimes explanations are not neccessary to achieve this.

Then the next player goes. The game continues until, as a result of the action between the placement of loci and the reaction of the river, either a general insurrection breaks out, or the ramparts of the sacred go flying into heaps of rubble, or a significant ideologic disrupture occurs. At that time, play is suspended and the game is over. A new game starts after the festivities have subsided, and the players are so inclined, comfortably situated amongst the ruins of the former epoch.

This unusual game has the architectural advantage of a framework for action that does away with the need for the kinds of unfortunate christian appeals to morality and goodness that so many past dreamers have depended on for their zeal and mania. It accommodates devils as well as angels. All you need for this game is some basic acquaintance with your own desires and a taste for heresy.

As a result of this emancipated framework, one is freed up from the highly constrained activism typical of U.S. dissent. For example, demonstrations and marches have generally taken place under the assumption that direct confrontation will pressure the government into acting in a more ethical or moral way. When playing ASE, one can operate under different assumptions, such as that covert sabotage might trigger a series of forces that break up the government, as well as giving you an immediate kick. Or that covert sabotage might start an ongoing public autonomous discourse. Because in ASE the epistemological assumptions

are just game pieces, as opposed to unquestioned moral foundations, they are much less precious and much more flexible. There is more room for spontaneous effects and mutant development. This is also what makes it dangerous. ASE rides right through that strait where the charybdis of fascism waits on one side, while the Scylla of insipid passivity lurks on the other. Anything can happen when anything goes. The whole thing hinges on the player's egoism, not the constraint of the rule of laws.

In the modern and post-modern world we can make the observation that many gloomy ideological clouds of capital and christianity regularly cover its entire surface, albeit patchy in lots of places. Removing this cloud through a total critique has proven impractical. Leviathan lingers on. One alternative strategy that presents itself today is that of locally rending a part of this cloud into strange and wondrous contours that have an effect of systemic disrupture. I have proposed Applied Systemic Entropy (ASE) as a river-game that may serve this other strategy. I contend that this game is already being played under different names and in diverse circumstances.

The gamble of ASE is this: if you lose, you will make the cloud cover so heavy you can not move; or you may yourself be reified by the gloom. You might start a war.

But if you win, you get away--- to play another day.

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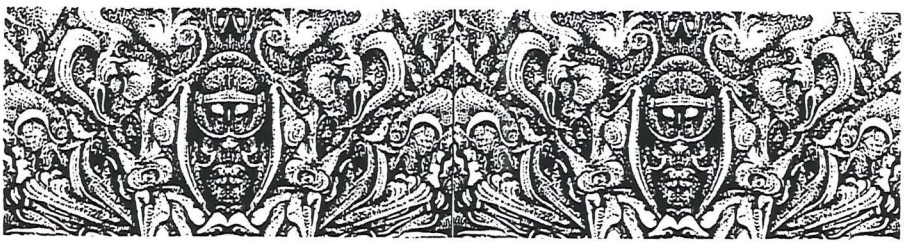

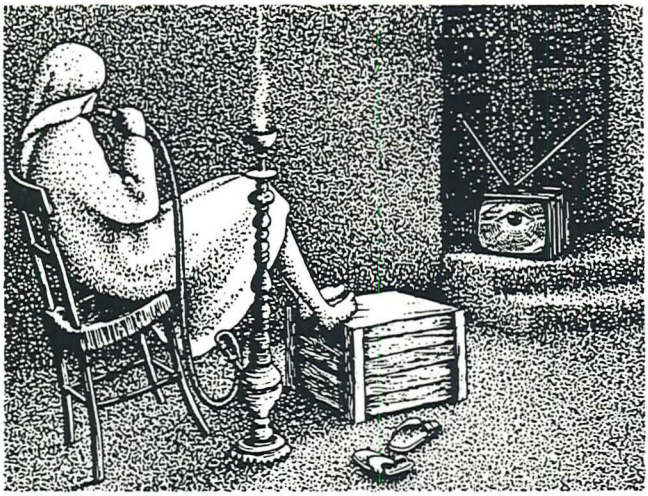

JK

T.V. JESUS: A True Story

I know this guy who plays Bavarian Television as a way of receiving extraterrestrial messages. Bavarian TV happens when you're flipping through each channel on the set, non-stop, as if each station were THE NEXT MOMENT of the previous station. Let's say some used car salesman is midway through his sleazy pitch, "...and this won't cost you more than the shirt off your back..." CLICK! Now, there's Garbo in a classic film finishing the car salesman's line, "...if you leave me right now..." CLICK! And so on. So, imagine flipping through all the stations like this without stopping until they all start looking and sounding like One Very Large and Very Circular Program. That's Bavarian Television.

So, this guy I know who'll remain anonymous but who I'll call TV Jesus, this guy plays Bavarian Television for maybe two, three hours at a time until he falls into this trance state where he starts talking in tongues. He's half conscious, or at least conscious enough to talk into a taperecorder

microphone while he's trancing. He plays it back later to figure out what he was saying.

So, TV Jesus is explaining to me some of the more advanced techniques of Bavarian TV. I don't know why he was telling me because I only play Bavarian TV for a few minutes at a time; maybe just in case he didn't come back one time after trancing, I don't know. So, anyway, this advanced technique has to do with passively absorbing the energies between the stations as they flip. Not the stations themselves, he said, but the signals coming off the screen between the stations. TV Jesus said that's where the extraterrestrials have their broadcast parties.

TV Jesus said that before you can start feeling the buzz between stations you've got to get the wheel rolling pretty fast. The wheel was the awareness of all the stations being connected as part of a larger circular broadcast; the wheel was like the crank. You cranked the wheel fast enough and TV Jesus said the real messages start pouring out of the television monitor and into your mind, into your brain.

TV Jesus is a religious guy. He believes that TV is gods way of training people to passively absorb electronic signals, like training wheels for people too slow or too ignorant or too scattered to pray directly to god. TV Jesus thinks that televisions are actually household altars where families go to worship god and receive guidance. That's why I call him TV Jesus... he's almost always right.

I asked TV Jesus what kind of messages he was picking up from the extraterrestrials and he said, "They're gearing up to make a business deal with the government pretty soon." I asked TV Jesus what kind of business deal. He said, "In exchange for the rights to experiment on people like myself, they -- the aliens -- would disclose their presence to the people of the world." I asked TV Jesus if that meant I would actually see them and he said, "Yes, you would...probably on television."

It's been about six months since I last saw TV Jesus; he doesn't answer his phone or the door when I ring the doorbell. I have to wonder if he's saving the world for the rest of us or if he's just been watching too much television. It's questions like that which tell me I'll never forget about him; my friend, TV Jesus.

(Name Witheld By Request)

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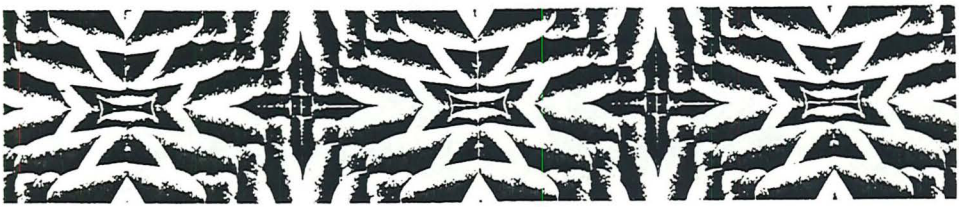

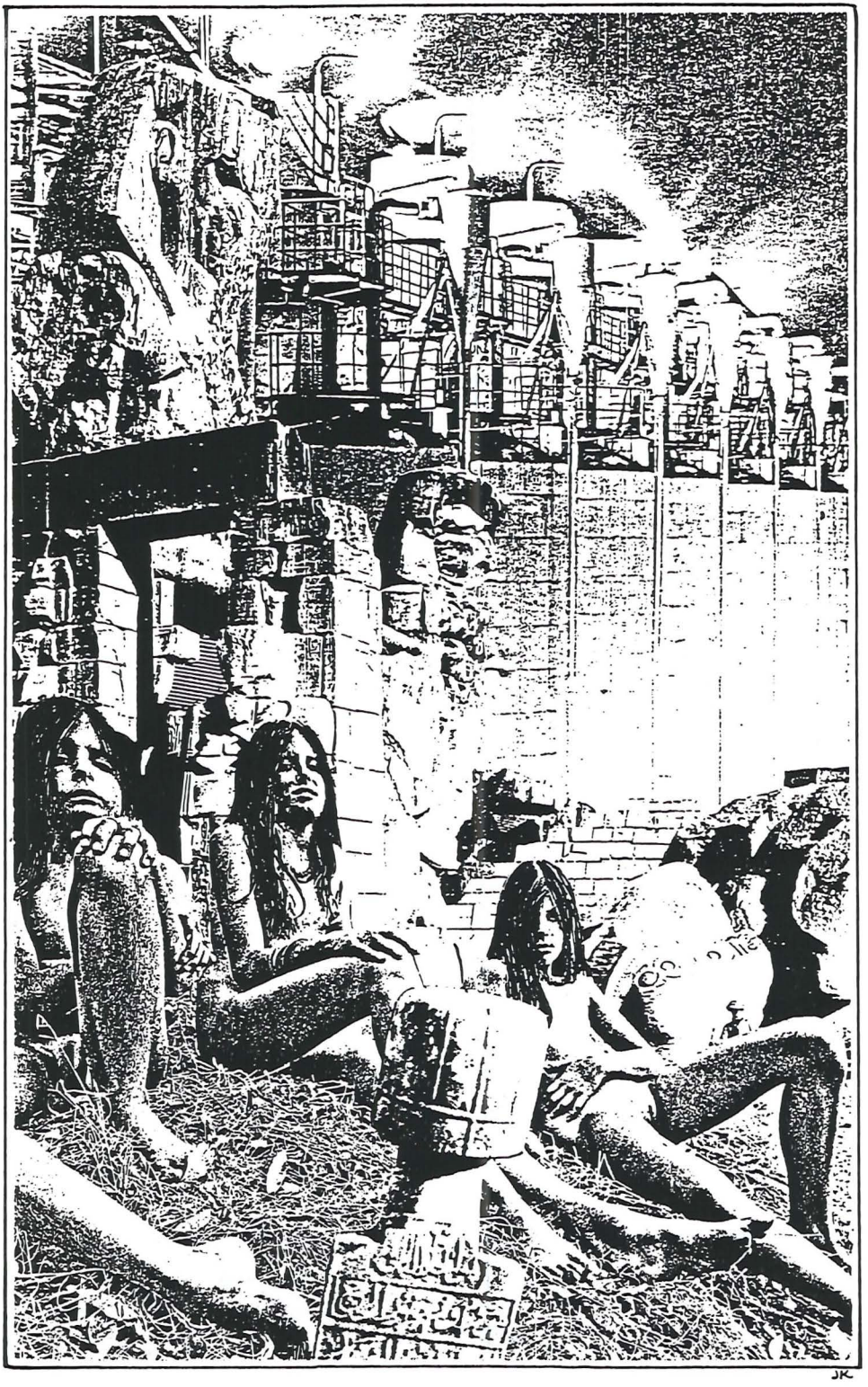
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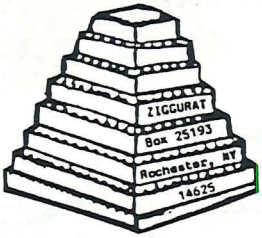

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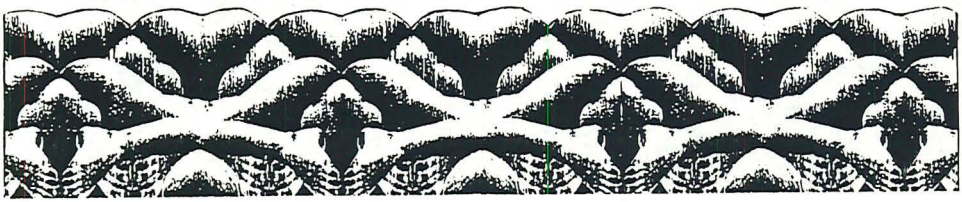
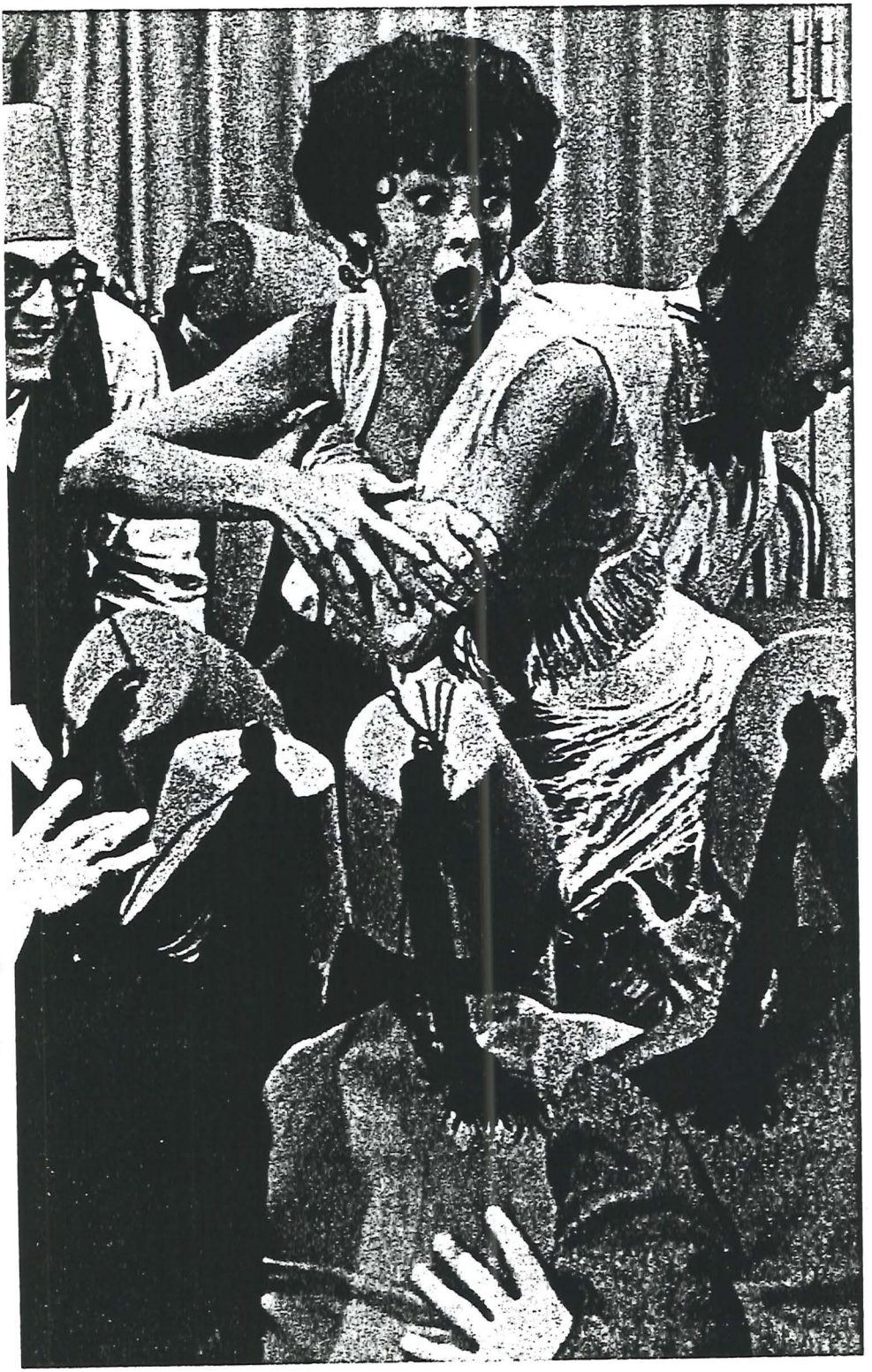
"The first Moorish Orthodox Horror Novel. This is hot gospel." Peter Lamborn Wilson
"Uniquely twisted." ROCHESTER TIMES UNION
"I enjoyed it." Ellen Datlow OMNI

SHOCK TOTEM by Thom Metzger 288 pp. $5.50

"Relentlessly bizarre ... a wild ride of a novel." Rave Reviews
" Marginal epic disguised as medical horror novel... seething craziness ...lurid pulp ... get it before it evaporates from the supermarket trash reading racks." Hakim Bey
"Splendidly well plotted .. the writing achieves that poetic fury which is Metzger's trademark." FactSheet Five
"...uncanny. a major infiltration into popular reality... This book is through the wall." David Crowbar: Popreal
"An amazing book." Rudy Rucker.





A dismal moor, a beautiful woman, a slavering beast with phosphorescent eyes. Yes, I am all of these.

I was - I am - blacker than midnight ice. And I'll be the first to admit that during certain times of the month the word dismal aptly describes my mood. Dismal, yes. But beautiful too. Sometimes I look in the mirror and I think: this doesn't hurt my eyes one little bitty bit. Why would I need anything but my own reflection to get my juices running?

Oh yes, and a slavering beast.

I've got teeth, pretty teeth. I've got goo-glands that work overtime when I hear that bell ringing in my head. Yes, a beast, bristly-backed, purple-gummed. When the stars are right on those foul and fair nights, when I feel that lunar tug, many a soul has called me a beast.

Some seem to think that I'm a renegade angel, maybe Metatron's baby sister, Azazel's long-lost sororal twin. Some say I'm an honest-to-Jah alieness UFOing the backlands, scarfing up your diaryfresh daughters, leaving them with shorted brain circuits and chapped udders. Some are under the impression that I'm the Whelp of Love jerking and growl-

ing at the end of my own chain.

Yes, I have been called a bitch.

I've got bowser in my trousers and I think he needs a beating.

That was me in Salem, not the Black Shiny Man but the Black Shining Dam those pretty Puritan skirts took a shining to. It was me that killed Lincoln and rode the Death Train up on the roof like Santa Claus all the way west howling back at the hounds who ran along side. I hit the Titanic, buddy. I was on the Grassy Knoll. I AM THE MAGIC BULLET. It was me that grabbed up from the slime and killed Elvis while he sat on the toilet reading about the Shroud of Turin.

And every time you close your eyes, I'm there. Every time you curl up in the corner for a nice little snooze, in your nice suburban paradise, I am there. I slink up from below, infesting every dainty finger that's doing the digital do, all night, all night long. While you're snoring and grunting and dreaming of your pure white bone buried in the sand I appear at your daughter's window telling her to come out and play.

I say:
Get up offa that thing!
you're sitting on a gold mine.
I am:
the pocket mystic
the pocket pal
the ben-wa balls of fire
the widow's friend
the nameless one
the Flying Dutchman's crying crutch

the bone magnet
the marrow root
the shining sheath
I am the French Letter without a stamp
You send me!
Postmistress, school marm, Rectrix of Love
Frau Doktor Gruppenführer
Iroquois Peace Hag

I strangle a white dog, hanging up spotless on the coldest day of the year, not touching the ground, pure and white, virgin snow dog with all the sin of the world in my blood. I break my neck every year to purge, to purge.

I bite the mailman's leg and taste male blood.

I hook myself up, shaking Slavic cur and rub my gums with a cotton swab to get my juices dripping. I send the signal, buzzers and bells, and get the scent of meat.

A thorough bleed is all I need. Once a month the moon comes out like a fat greasy thumbprint on the crushed velvet of the sky and I shine, I glow. Ruby red bivalve, squirting clam juice at my far-off sister.

I shoot myself, Sputnik dog, into space. I check blood pressure, skin conductivity, pulse, riding all the way to the heart of the sun, where I'll burn forever.

I am the three-headed guardian of Hell, standing forever at the nether gate.

I spray my own eyes with Mace.

I bay at noises you can't even hear, ultrasonic lunar lure, my uterus receives the message.

I gnaw at the leash of Law.

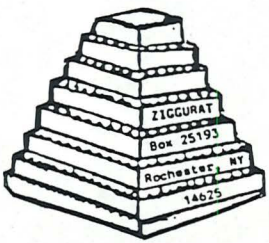
I sniff for the stinking hole,nice doggy chasing nice pussy round and round and round, a vortex of fur, until I, until we, turn to butter and oil, trouble and toil.

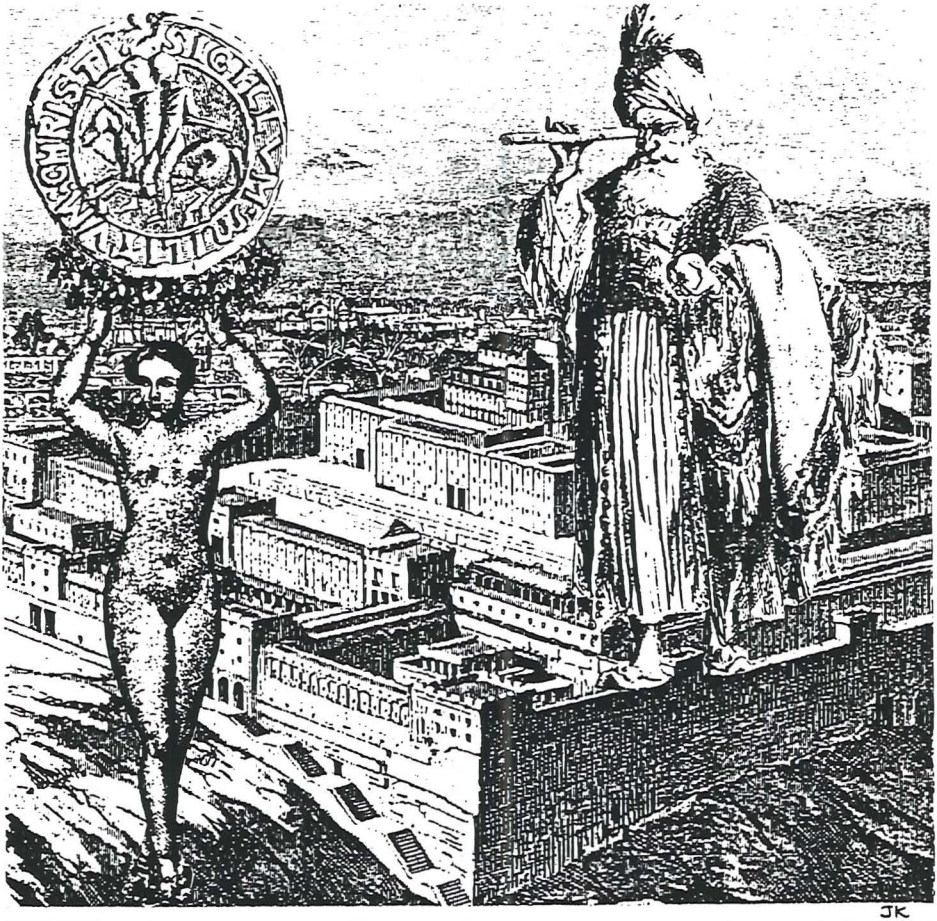
When will we three eat again? In thunder, lightning, or in rain? On that blasted plain, on that dismal moor.

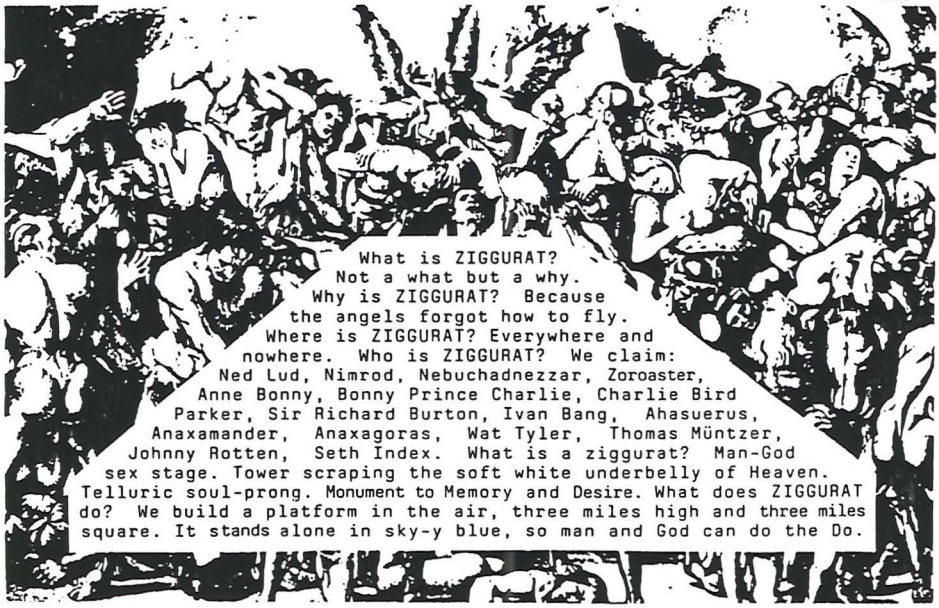
I am the Klein-bottle bitch, disappearing inside myself. The Hound Oroborus, eating my tail until I am gone.

dog of love, dog of war
dog of food, dog galore.
Dog of love, Dog of War,
Dog of Food, Dog galore.
DOG OF LOVE, DOG OF WAR,
DOG OF FOOD, DOG GALORE.

c. 1993
Th. 3X Metzger







What is ZIGGURAT?
Not a what but a why.
Why is ZIGGURAT? Because
the angels forgot how to fly.
Where is ZIGGURAT? Everywhere and
nowhere. Who is ZIGGURAT? We claim:
Ned Lud, Nimrod, Nebuchadnezzar, Zoroaster,
Anne Bonny, Bonny Prince Charlie, Charlie Bird
Parker, Sir Richard Burton, Ivan Bang, Ahasuerus,
Anaxamander, Anaxagoras, Wat Tyler, Thomas Müntzer,
Johnny Rotten, Seth Index. What is a ziggurat? Man-God
sex stage. Tower scraping the soft white underbelly of Heaven.
Telluric soul-prong. Monument to Memory and Desire. What does ZIGGURAT
do? We build a platform in the air, three miles high and three miles
square. It stands alone in sky-y blue, so man and God can do the Do.

PROPOSAL FOR AN ANARCHIC FREE FESTIVAL (OR MAYBE SEVERAL)

WHEN: Summer, early autumn.

WHERE: A wild place, a forest. Secluded, away from civilization. Several access trails from different points. Lake, stream or spring nearby for water.

WHAT: 1) Not specifically an anarchist gathering. An anarchic festival. Not to promote ideas. To encourage free play, freesharing, conviviality.

2) Not publicized on "mass" level - e.g., zines, flyers. Rather through word-of-mouth, letters to friends.

3) Free means no economy - no buying/selling, no trade/barter - no cost. Instead, freely sharing, giving gifts, expansive generosity, living outside economic categories for the duration of the festival. So bring gifts to share: food, drink, wonderful toys you've made or found or stolen, songs, stories, massages, skills, knowledge, your amazing self. Create the abundance that's possible when economy ceases.

4) Free also means no restrictions. No authority to enforce anything. Expect intensity, craziness, excess, nudity, open sensuality and sexuality...

5) Festival means PLAY: fun, music, stories, dancing, feasts, orgies, silliness. No scheduled events. Immediacy, Spontaneity, fun as active creation, not passive entertainment.

6) Several festivals at different places or times have these advantages: Those who can't travel far can go to nearby festivals. Nomads can wander from festival to festival sharing tales and knowledge of other festivals

HELP NEEDED: 1) Info on possible locations (see WHERE above).
2) Info/advice from folks who've created this sort of festival before.

TO ENCOURAGE YOU TO CREATE FESTIVALS IN YOUR AREA - IF you get basic information (when, where, how to get there, any special considerations) together and send it to me, I will compile it all into a pamphlet to send to everyone who's shown interest by responding to this proposal. I'd like to have the pamphlet out by June.

Feral Faun
P.O. Box 203
Portland, OR 97207

Here's a tantalizing exerpt from a recent internal document of the M.O.C.

SIJIL
of the Fatimid Order
publication #1 of the Dar al-Hikma
for the
Adept Chamber of the Holy Moorish Orthodox Temple
1992

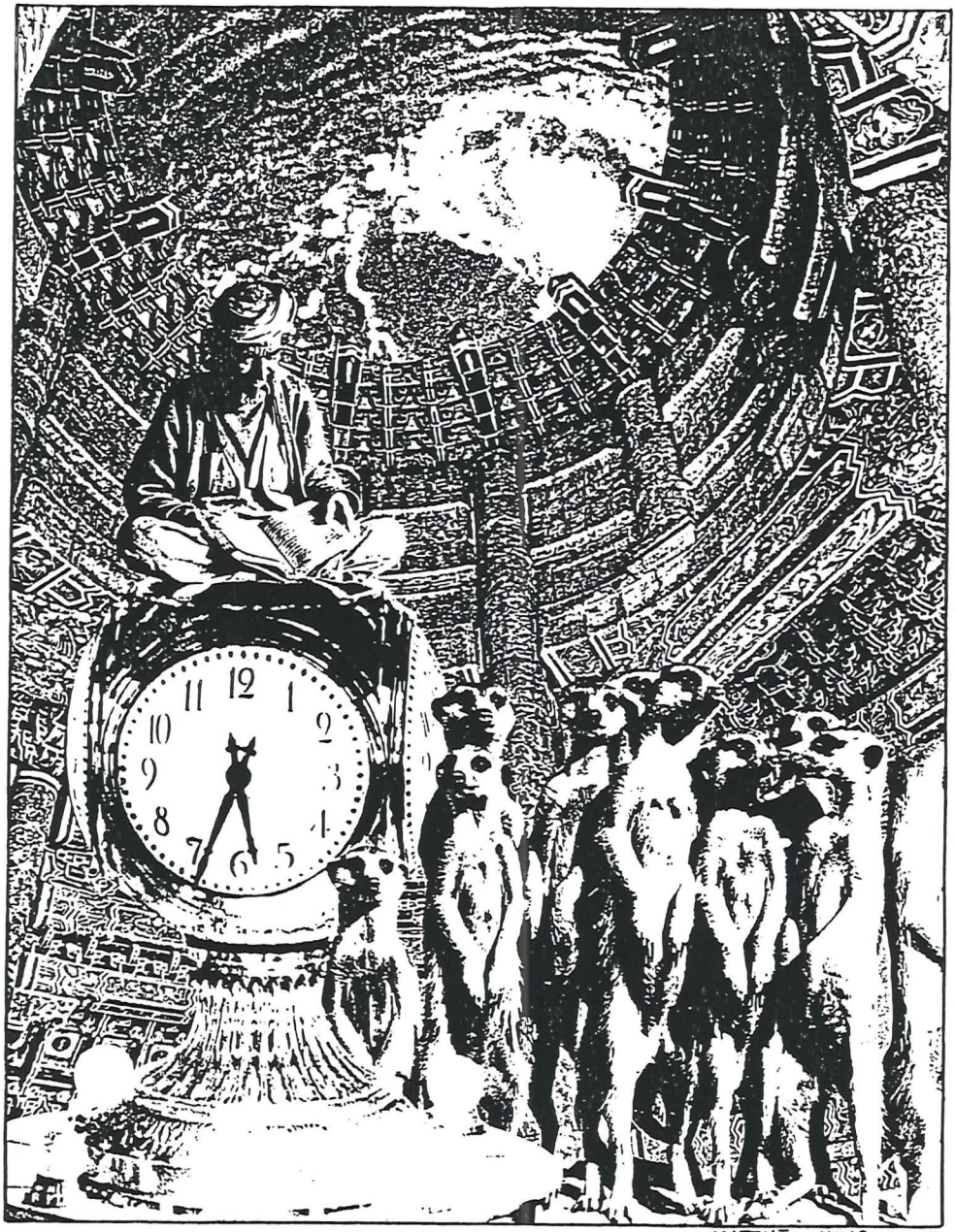
In searching for the origin or seed of this vision return to 1965 when Walid al-Taha — brilliant junky 350-pound jazz saxophonist poet — inducted us into the Moorish Orthodox Church, gave us a copy of al-Ghazzali's Confessions, & told us about the Assassins. "Passions are equal to Destinies" as Fourier's calculus teaches — & these three krazy-bricks laid the foundation of a temple of desire — of an Imaginal Egypt 2-dimensional as a cigarette-packet design from 1913 but also n-dimensional — emerald gate to Jabulsa & Jabulqa the no-where Cities. Pyramids, palms, sphinxes, roses, crescent-&-star, minaret — the orientalismo of a child's reverie. Why shouldn't "Truth" take the form of our obsessions?

Noble Drew Ali founded the Moorish Science Temple in Newark NJ in 1913 — the Moorish Orthodox Church was founded as an offshoot in the 1950s — became a psychedelic church in the 60s in NYC & Millbrook — now maintains lodges in NYC & various Upstate towns, Chicago, Seattle, N. California, Bombay (India), etc. I've written extensively on MST/MOC history & teachings so won't repeat myself here, as this SIJIL is meant for those with some background (1) — but you may not be familiar with the Adept Chamber — founded by Noble Drew Ali within the MST and revived within the MOC a few years ago. The MST Adept Chamber (3rd Paradise) functioned as an inner circle where the secret teachings (largely masonic) received by Noble Drew in the Great Pyramid were passed on to initiates. The Adept Chamber of the Holy Moorish Orthodox Temple (7th Paradise) also looks to Egypt for its teachings, not to pharaonic times but to the Fatimid dynasty, as will be explained.

Unfortunately in 1971 I gave up my interest in Moorish Science & in the "Assassins" (Ismailis) to pursue the trail foretold by Ghazzali, that of orthodox sufism. This mistake cost me seven lean years, but it also taught me a great deal, in positive terms as well as negative. Like the Ismaili poets who used the language of sufism as a "mask" for more esoteric teaching (& like the "Lawless" antinomian sufis, & the "pure esoteric" schools of Javanese kebatinan), the syncresis proposed here will owe a great deal to the beauty of expression of sufism even as it side-

steps or evades the traps of "orthodoxy" "Tradition" & "Law" which line the paths of the formal sufi Orders (turuq) (2). The insurrectionary project of "overcoming" organized religion & its miserable Con requires more than philosophical theory or the praxis of revolt — it also demands a spiritual hermeneutic, which will not only provide a structure for critique (of orthodoxy) but also an opening to that revaluation of values which (on the individual or subjective plane) is called realization or awakening. While this double project might better be carried out in the "language" of shamanism or Taoism than of the monotheist "abrahamic" tradition, many of us have strong psychic links to that tradition, & are driven to explore the possibilities for "spiritual freedom" within its language & history. Many such possibilities exist in Judaism (Sabbatai Sevi & Jacob Frank the "false messiahs" for example) and Christianity (Diggers, Ranters, Antinomians, Free Spirits, etc.) as well as Islam. No doubt a different synthesis awaits each individual seeker ("Make your own system or be enslaved by someone else's" — Blake) — and the present essay (or "experiment") represents only one of an infinite number of viable "heresies". This material however has imposed itself on me as a system, one with openings & holes & spaces for readers to add their own dreams — but also with its own coherence, & its own voice demanding to be taught as a system. It has coalesced over many years in a series of visions, & it intends to be crystallized as a teaching & a "conventicle", based on Fatimid "hiero-history" & Moorish Science. Its aesthetic derives in part from sufism (& shamanism & Taoism & other paths as well, for that matter) but in the initiation it proposes, it roots itself in Ismaili 'erfan (knowledge) & the structure of the Adept Chamber of the HMOT. It calls itself the FATIMID ORDER. -Hakim Bey

Sorry, that's all we can release at this time.


MATTHEW KING

(origin and author of these fragments remains unknown -- discovered 1968, collected in a small cardboard notebook left in a roadside restroom on the edge of the Sonoran Desert, the southwest of what is now California -- this is the seventh possible translation to date -- the originals have since been lost -- other translations may be more accurate -- other colors as well -- the order used here is with an eastern orientation, but this is only accidental, not intentional -- other questions can be answered if necessary) - Matthew King

1. from the open hand to the fist
where bodies fall in torrents

2. from the hand pressed flat
fingers spread wide
to tensely clawing the current
of a driven nail

3. it is here where her face shines
through vapor and aurora
here in spastic rhthyms
convulsive hymns and wet
pleasures

4. long ago
it was enough to leave the tongue
as only a sponge
an extra edge to hunger
a simple if swollen root
suckled to the jaw
echoing only singular
desires

5. now though
there are empty faces
now
eyes no mask could ever alter
spin and lower
to the whisper
of naked steel
habitual prostrations
split in two
fear of possession
and the lust to possess
enraptured entranced
by her face
blossoming forth through
shadow and broken sleep
her eyes razorblades
pulling me forth from my skin
releasing every taut umbilici
cleaving screams to sighs
she places her finger to her tongue
draws a spiral trail
through the air to my own
catches hold
sends me reeling
upon the shockwave
of desire revealed

6. i sistrum
i sistrum
isis
isistrum

hear these
these mournful prayers
for lovers disembodied
lead cheetah fingered
leopard palmed
procession and epiphany

isis

7. lead naked fire a tense pulse
twist tightly each molten chord
into sinew sounding
vinuous muscle
of throbbing song

8. from seed first sound
split a moment to a stream
trace shuddering lines along
the edge of a scream
violent heave a
surge recalled to blood
streaming

9. in motion
motion

rhythm
sourcerous resounding
cut loose a quivering
rhythm ex-static and
reaping the blood's
muscular hymns rhythm
the en-chanting
the ear awaken
the ear revive
ear open!

10. she splatters the walls with
sunlight with a knife she
presses
into her palm
she asks me
how i would like
my eyes opened for me

11. just forget
with the temper of a sunset
the rhythm of a staircase
the lock of a door
if corners are desired
make them dark
make them dark

12. it can be so hard
maybe only through steel
maybe fire
the where we were
keeps up the slow tapping
slow tapping on
a hollow door
never opened
always closing

13. from where i sat i could see
her silohuette only
tense and choking
on a mouthful of earth
trying to wean herself
from the stars

14. the mirror pushes, presses
quietly out from the south wall

15. it is a shock to touch
nakedly the current enlocked
to a sounding plain
the tongues by fingertip
a foot to throb the heartbone
dance the shadowhorses
tightly reined through
the immediate eruption
of a chasm a stampeding pulse
to ripple and weave as
if a capillary of sun across
the tense undulations of a
resonant sea

16. listen there
is everything to be
said moments are
more or less
endless
a time to reap and
a time to reap
all's elsewhere

17. i am looking
for ways to say
i am looking
  or listening so to also sing
you bone by bone
and cut clear
a space within you full
to overflowing to seek
the spreading
      like fever
      like foxfire

18. bring me slowly
closer step by step
closer closer
the tongue and teeth now
gently falling
caught in the taut bow
of the born blind
the unfailing arrow
piercing the flesh of a sun
a cleave this horizon
coming closer
come
closer

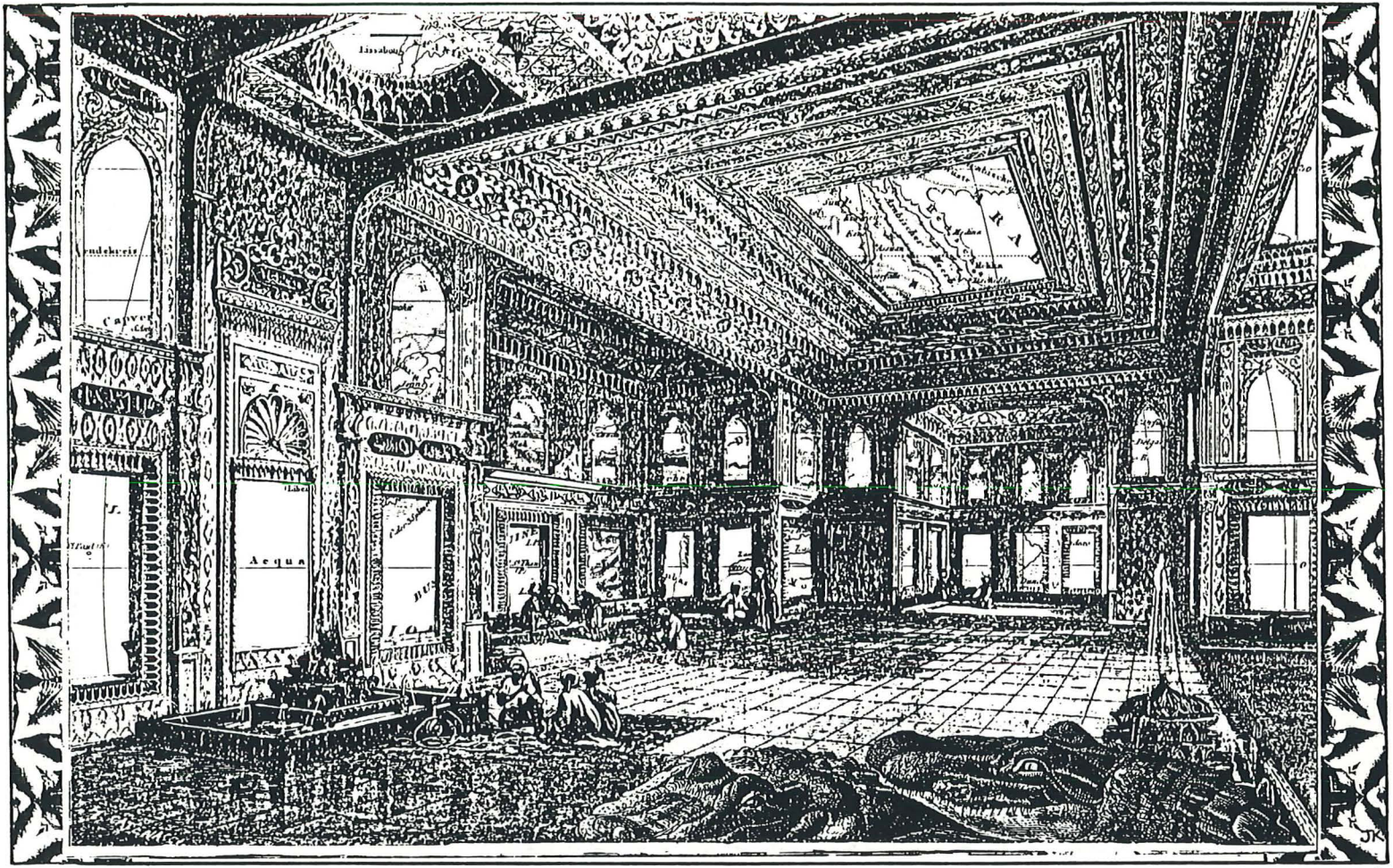
19. a cutlass evening
hours bled
along the horizon's
razorline
it becomes
releasing
into the furrow
of a day
the penumbra
a slice of a moon
drying in the hidden sun
horses crumple in the fields
no more than
a day generously cleaved
to an eye
hung limply upon
branches of
apparent memory

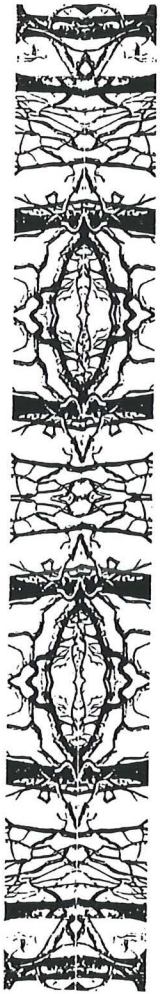
20. the blade bites deep
leaves the grain gasping
a ringing through
a resonance a
down deeply
through sap and steel

21. here the first
house-of-our-own
was built
though through stone bound
with mammal hide
the discipline of the forge
still unknown

here
when once the branch was broken
for fire only

the beginning collapses
and i am left with empty hands
overflowing with light


Aequa



Exquisite Spots: A Position Paper

1. If a numen is possessed (the boy I saw at dawn, a night without a moon, on the Great Dismal Swamp), not by divinity but by a monarchy of cheated hearts and wild remains of the dead, what initiates the few that find it?

2. Wandering is not democratic. Irregularities and disclosed assassinations for a campaign of bank-robbers, hallucinations of tenyrold pirates, or the "hombre de invisible." At once the traveler is, like Rimbaud, cloaked in "amor fati". I liken my being kidnapped at 4:00 A.M. in the suburbs of Seattle to the destablization of drunkenness in New Orleans at 4:00 A.M., jacked by cops, not an index of affinities but a surer trigger to crack the codices of the many numens, the possessed spots that continuously keep me at drift.

3. The ancient nomads rejoiced in the dispersal of seasons, an anomic clock of breeze. Conversely, eugenicists (see Charles Davenport "The Feebly Inhibited"), saw runaways as a contagion of "dromomanial fugue", a hereditary (and racial) nomadic impulse. This unconscious, inexact but proposed, affinity descends. To locate either is along a scattered route (a degenerate "dislocation) of abundance, in hunger and fortune. The mysterious Indianapolis-Decatur-Kankakee migration of the Ben-Ishmael tribe. (my "visio" of a modern route being "urban nomads", squatting tenements or tract houses, a champagne cult of hunger, violence, warning, feast, conviviality, code, and "illegalism" or, to possess stasis as a COOLING, a cabal of farmhouses in Wisconsin. Yet, this would involve dissimulation- and if the praxis of permanent revolt is exstasis (or the drift of the nomadic impulse is staticity) and intrigue- a silence but not a casualness- would this not lead a contagion of modern drifters to confront cops and other paramours of "property"?) TO THE GANG OF FOUR, "AMOR FATI", & THE "QIYAMAT" OF SCRATCH HALL.

4. To position yourself on the imaginal route of Scratch Hall. To possess the amorousness and dagger, under no Captain Mission's articles, the dangers and scarecrows of modern travel. If one cannot wander anymore without being arrested for vagrancy, like Debord's arrows always leading to a police station, what worth would be a travel cult- suicidal feign to a cop. With a network, dispersed Scratch Hall encoded in morass and pitfalls, secrecy could only help to aggravate the cartographer's will to INDUCTION.- Our network, our temp. thread of induced (and abandoned) numens, is my intention.- As involution, a complication and return

of... terror of territory. Travel as a dispersal, as clear as spring, apostate.

5. Rather than a intertextual poison, a caption weaker than it's monograph, take the pirate's view of the sea. A weave in irregularities and whorls. Distaste of tourists, our landlovers and miserables- "distance yourselves for the reproduction of the war". Take an imaginal view of the land, immured in the mumia of nature, and as captured as a photograph. To our migration we add a poison to the undead and position ourselves in a derive' on the tropes and code of a dance. To apply this drift to the real, imagine my summer, haunted by what I'd imagined was my doppleganger. A 13yrold in N. Cal who was a young thief. The both of us several miles out of town, dissolute mapreaders on a Pacific beach. Surveying maps tickets in hand. What I've loved, what I've been haunted by...

6. "...but soon the passive fit has passed away; again a paroxysm of ennui coming on by slow degrees, Viator loses his appetite, he walks about his room all night, he yawns at conversation, and a book acts upon him as a narcotic. The man wants to wander, and he must do so, or he shall die." (Sir Richard F. Burton, Personal Narrative of a Pilgrimage to Al-Medinah & Meccah) Travel as a dissolute (not entropy, not dissolution) plenary session for disqualified members of the illusory real, a permanent insurrection (in the stirner sense) of hunger and banquet. An embodiment of illegalism in a zone, our drifter both inveterate and feral. The fonder thief, as I love thieves, as the prisoner of love.

7. As I've taken the drift to encompass everything, not purely a travel guide to difference and the interzone, I would finally like to clarify it in all senses of the immediate. A new brigandage, as I parry the term of "travel" for it's tourist detritus, would involve "comrades en plen air", an expropriation (terror of the territory), and an individual's desire for the road. This numen is possessed by a cadre of powderbombs and perfumes, it is panic, it can only sober on the induction of a cartographer's horizon.

Of our location, the beach is a chorus of blackbombs and shatters like a winebottle.

Thanx to J. Koehnline for image and sources

Brady Clark

Brady Clark

Revolvers, Flyfishing, and Time-Travel:

THE MIGRATORY CULT CONSPIRACY

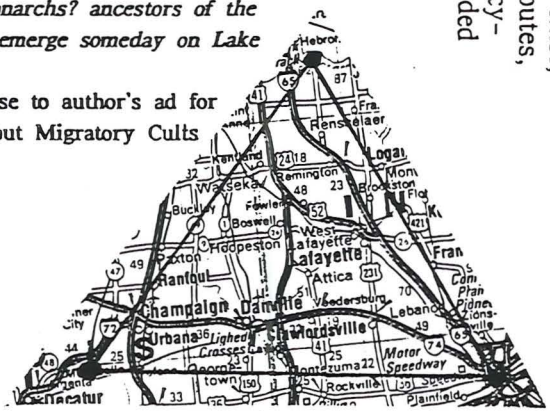
"And I want you to travel with me over the winter. To take our bid on the war."

" ...the earlier migrations of the tribe had been involuntary but they now pursued a nomadic way of life as a central feature of their distinctive culture... migrations so regular and of such distance are not necessary or characteristic for hunting economies... the records are silent..."

Hugo P. Leaming, THE BEN ISHMAEL TRIBE

" DIspatch from cannonball river, N.D.- The migratory cults of the late 1980's, banding together on a golden thread of provocation (reportedly in further fractalized communiques of the Wine Cult (under the auspices of Mail Art)... a xeroxed page containing geographical surveys of the South Dakota Badlands and South-Eastern N.M. matched with a shady, retouched photograph of a living, breathing community in a 'deterritorialized' cavern... a crag and stalagmite arcade...silken swatches of clothes over scantily clad teenagers, revolver toting 'enfant sauvages' with ROAD DIRECTIONS), have moved further EAST; with promises of a grand disappearance and hostages. Some have disappeared en route; hinting that clues exist to some grand citizenry, a champagne cult within the treacherous, impassable Great Dismal Swamp, boat passage to a pop. of 'fly-fishing' monarchs? ancestors of the colonial community to emerge someday on Lake Albemarle?"

ANON., response to author's ad for information about Migratory Cults



Like the back of a seduced, malarial teenager, as clear as spring- the migratory cults have grown to encompass YOU.

Spreading to the districts of swelling cities on the bank of Lake Michigan, to skateparks in Santa Cruz, and swimming holes of Louisiana, you may have shared beer and apricots with some member, dropping hints about routes and locales where the pot is free and you are king, firearms and fellatio. Evidence of the network? OR some seduction of false pedigree?

This brochure promises they DO exist, will even drop hints of migratory routes, yet is controlled by a code of secrecy- dropping hints of murders and encoded *code duellos* written in blood.

LAST WORD FOR PORT BRIGANDAGE

Foraging for arrows, fighting heatdeath of ambisexual stars, the distended firmament of old New Mexico. Sparkfires in suicide-national park fighting the glacier floes of penguins.

Dissimulated- codes and cryptograms of a zone to hide an unsound magma, lithe as a bow and gnashing her teeth on the bones of chameleons and walking thru viridescent arcades in the kaochromes of age old cavernwork,

Brother masturbatin on the pulsating soundboards in the outreaches, coming onto the crags of shattered claywork- watching the slowboil of subterraneum mushrooms... hydroponic, inverted "blind" chrysanthemums like leather sucking his opal ankles.

Magna cutting through a world to suck off Prester John in the satellite launch of 1999 while holding the hot arm of Euphoria Bliss, ex-con, 13yrold, and "port-chaunteuse" of Brigandage, Antarctica chewing on a dripping honeycomb.

Strangers haunting the abandoned sandtraps of New Mexico, backpacking it to numens of interest, starlite and sodomy by the dun of the cliff dwellings. Waiting for the gang by the Gila River.

Crying at the sight of Ester and Ben,
coming on like warriors, 8yrsold with revolvers
thickening the air with anticipation.
The siege of Carlsbad and the zipgun and bubblegum warfare of the caverns.

Lovers rolling in the dust, stranger haunting the roads of nervous New Mexico.

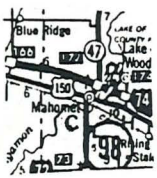
Port Brigandage
Seattle
Albemarle

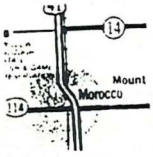
1993

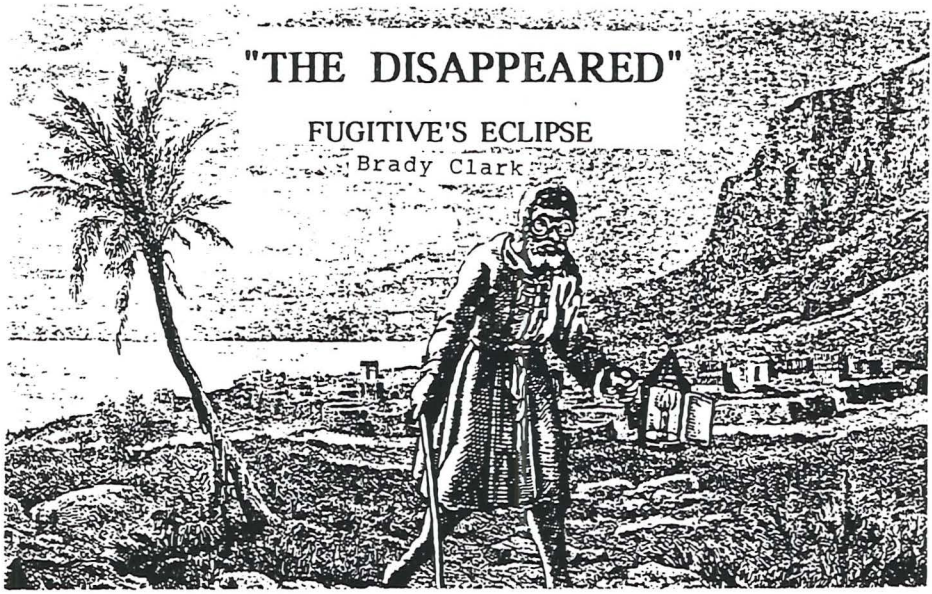
BlackCrowPress

AtYourSteps
Approaching
Stealth
InLove
"DISAPPEARED"
SingUsASong
AndFireWidely
ForWeDance
ToYour
Cannonade
AndMake
PassesAtYour
Warψ

Brady Clark







Like drinking to the eclipse, the back of a feverish teenager, not a dull exposition of locales and "farners", the technic hidden below draws near the stars and brings dangerousness to the "disappeared." Drifting while you weave, rolling with violent angels.

1. Disappearance is a riddle– embodied and sinister. Disappearing, like shooting, involves a knowing, an instinct, and a topology (airstreams) of the route and it's mechanisms. One is also there already. This paradox is not a conclusion because it involves a riddle. The riddle is sophisticated and liqour stupid.

2. Madness, lycanthropy, and hustling, all contain disappear–ance. "Hombre de invisible'" in the place of dead roads. Traveling over the winter to take our bid on the war. If the region has become overpopulated, as a brief knowledge of quantam–chaos and cartography reveals, it will expose more cracks. Larger holes and routes of interference.

3. Maroons of the Great Dismal Swamp had such a knowledge of the morass and quicksands, it's wilder–ness, that they could lead escaped slaves to encampments without a moon. One imagines comprehensive mongraphs of certain quarters in a city could have radical potential ex cathedra, certain zones could serve a great protective nature– hide–outs, shelters, and temporary markets.
"If everything were smoke, all perception would be by smell."

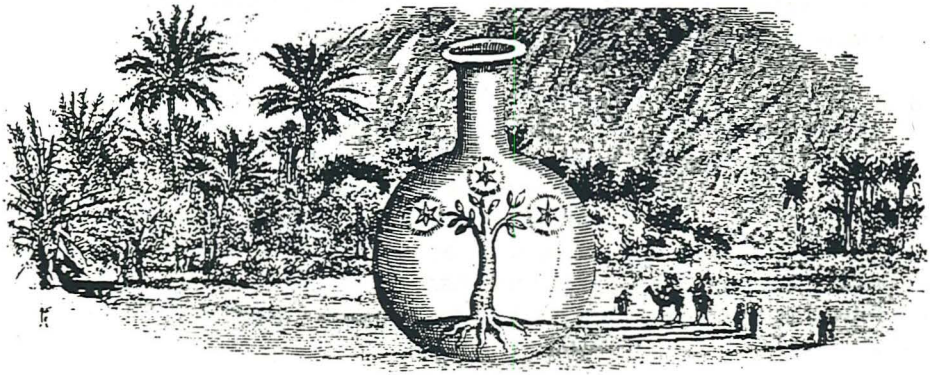
4. If being a minority is a sort of disappearance–Invisibility has an ineluctable strength. A subtlety and dangerousness (not parasitic but "dispossessed"), the notoriety of the cabin in the woods and Rent Parties (a tactical gathering disguised as a dance), that consensus reality doesn't have the grace for. Appearance as a temp. front, the siege, nocturnal, i.e. disguised, as a ludic interference. A complex trap, a seduction of design or complex finger trap, disguised as identity or role.
(UNCLE ALICK was more than tourists or barkers suspected.)

5. Conversely, the tactic of the invisible appearing impenetrable and threatening. Prester John's kingdom grown colossal by disappeared messengers– a spidering of misinformation– Makhnovist agitprop on town hall, even the hacker's gambit of viruses that terrorize and apotheosize on a virtual network. As if the crags were the mountain.

6. Invisibility travels. Conspicuous as a tourist and as sinister as a blackout– shrouded in past–. Highwayman and/or the exchange. The meeting hall congregating on a hill of trails or a network of apartments or homes, the agent slipped information at the last moment. One begins to read exchange like a palimpset. Messages transmitted, like gossip over a "country wire." Not only do the shelters and conspirators scatter on a trajectory (an invisible drop hid within a crashing wave), information is harbored and "passed on" like a crime.

Conclusion– Becoming invisible involves nakedness, exstasis, and a dissimulation. The "disappeared" dissolve their roles en route. Being on either side of the glass for the risk of a moment. A circle of deceit and viral magic.
The "disappeared" is a shapeshifter and a con that makes love, this multiplicity.∇

THE RIDDLE UNFOLDS LIKE A LOTUS



Criminal Travel- Saloons, sloops, and siege

1. At a younger age I took "theft to be liberating in itself." A nascent thieving will on a permanent school holiday. On side with Genet and the Bonnot Gang. A massive accumulation without an end, not a traffic but an abundance. Taqiyya, or recouping a mode of dissimulation in a time of danger, an allowed grace in the dance of a mask. Taqiyya, as I saw it, would allow me to embody the "disappeared", a desultory gang of one in the guise of the "hombre de invisible'", while punching out school windows and stiching pockets into the seam of my coat. At this time I formulated my visio, an inchoate and overflowing topography, of the "zone"- which IS taqiyya or my time of permanent danger. Accompany with a screaming chorus of voices, a community of feral spirits that has followed me from birth. This too, with the dual weave of cops and mundus imaginalis, and together you have defined the saturnalia of my youth.

2. To envision crime as travel (an affinity perhaps with noir movies about couples on sprees of hold-ups, shootings, and bank-robberies across the mid-west (e.g. Gun Crazy, Bonnie and Clyde)). Supposing our modern paradigm of the criminal drift to be the Bonnot Gang, the original motorized getaway. Or rather the marches and sieges in the moment of an uprising, recreating the zone as a landscape as infinite potential, ephemeral fortifications and reinsurgence of the banquet as a table on fire and grocery bags of looted food. Perhaps even the fever of the escaped con- the accumulation of disguises, false names ect.. And assuming that travel, as encoded thievery, traffic, hideouts, hedonic zone on abandoned farms, is a crime...

3. An especially amorous biker gang, a Durruti's column and Makhnov's cavalry dissimulated as a pick-up caravan, as our dawa, our propaganda and mission. Nomadic stragglers drift into dawn on the tropes of a disappearance, missing hitchhikers: we hole up on your property: our revolvers firing precisely: disguised as spontaneity and a laugh: hands shoved in our pockets. The definition of criminality as it travelsψ

4. Envisioning you a trickshot for the fin de millennium Bonnot Gang, manning turrets on a Rolls Royce Camargue. No carnival huckster with a scabrous trigger finger firing at plasterboard anemic swans, but a crackshot jacking family-type cops and exchange bullets on a code duello over the beloved. Siege at roadside, hold-ups churchside, armed robbery at family inns and high schools, Scratch Hall as an armory. No citizen's patrol but a gang of baretta and 9mm armed tricksters, cracking jokes while embodying the theft.

Brady Clark

Dedicated to A.F.

Transport: Hijacking and Blackmagic

1. Nobody has yet attempted a psychological portrait of the will of the hijacker. Rather than a caricature of politique and psychoanalysis, why should we not, as the propagandists of the drift and the "disappeared", praise the gesture and spirit of hijacking as anarchic, embodied drift?

2. Like an infinitely dense black spot, I claim to have seen the wilderness and mandrake while dancing with my twin on the highway, propositioned by the seven skulls and lust of our sacred *medio mundi* or visionary transport, the pulsating jihad of the drift. When did I begin to walk- the surer devil of midnight's sun kissed while climbing naked up a plum tree, we climbed into the front seat of the thieve's car and disappeared into the Louisiana voodoun. This unitary triad- hot-wire, hold-up, hijack.

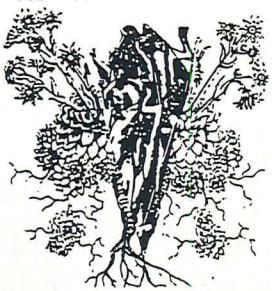
3. What is remotest from us is our succubi, our black dogs, "mountain dew", scorpions of the fire of mortality, all the abstractions of the evanescent black djinn (let us define one of the spiritual cruelties of our century as the neutering of black magic and superstition into "crazy lady's mysterious glass eye"). "All perception is by smell", us criminal currents may not have the grace for the subtle disturbances in the aether wind. (As I've claimed to see my lover drunk and in phosphorous shadows at the corner of my eyes.) Better our war be a dance of hard poison, dead-can-walk-nights, so I conceptualize the theft as we do not drift now but enter the time of permanent danger, as an obviousness to teach us the mythopoetics of a subtler grace. Hijacking is another mask of the drift- techne of blue-faced nature dancing it's feign and kill, as duplicitous as Blackbeard and Edward Thatch- the young learn the fear of Hermes in the intrusion of Hurqalya and fuck like the face of god. No devil but another disquise, as the psychogeography of obsidian.

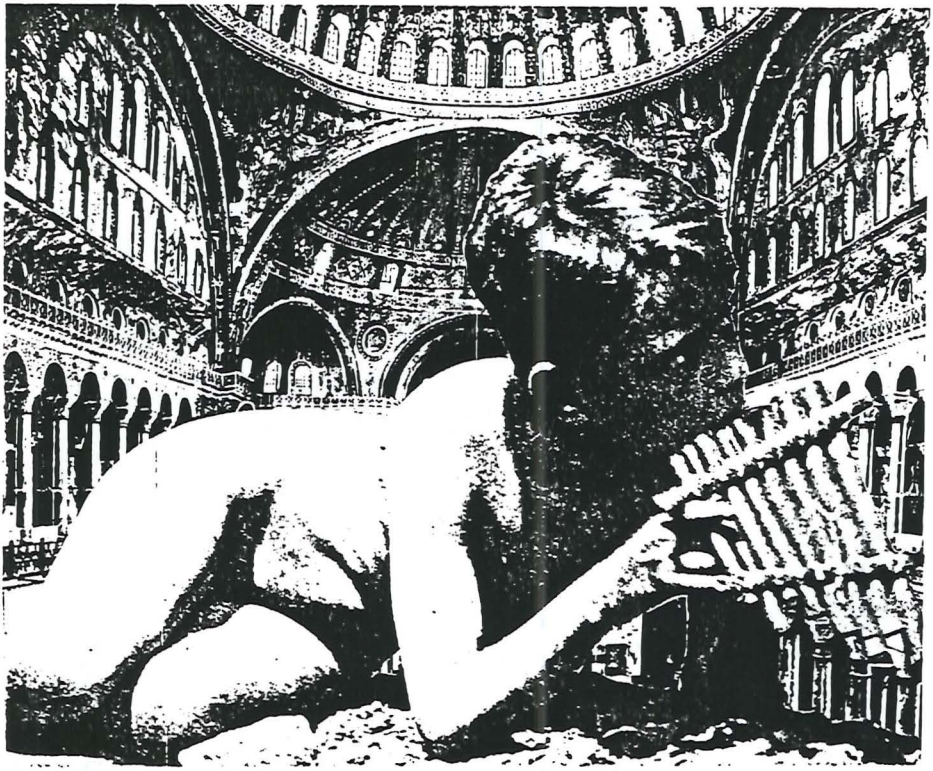
4. The drift envisioned as a conjunction of the Ebony Horse and a Delaunay-Belleville (assassin-workingclassneighborhood). 1930's Peru... what is the musk and blood of the black stone, as ceramic guns enter the sky; no faraway tropics but the mosquito net and Speak's digested tiger fetus of Imperial Airways colonizing the atmosphere; soon detourned by the shrewder gang routing it to the celestial articulated airways. Perhaps a network of skyjacker's epiphany miles into the aether. What is unstable, suddenly disturbed, careening and becoming.

5. Draughts of gasoline, scraping ice off the windshield at 90mph, Neal Cassidy's stolen Hudson- boxcar pleebs drinking Crown Czar and eating oranges in the snowed-in Rockies. One is either the caravan, pinioned on the blood and banquet of roads or, the yoke of stasis and safety, traffic. We favor the gutted metalwork of the bombed car, in fact we've participated in the rendering of some- inspiring fear in traffic. Yet, to exist, too add liq. nitrogen to the hand-to-mouth alchemy of a roamer's fugue and have it explode in our faces, we must formulate a new concept of the vehicle. A refusal of the vehicle could involve a travel cult of wanderers, no great distances would be covered but a diet of immediacy, vulnerability, ethos better than the exhaust panorama of automobiles. Society, though, is made up of distances and speed. To better satisfy our dromomanial madness, to keep at drift, we expropriate remembering the banner/code duello of the hijacker: visionary geography/revolver & reverie/banquet & hunger. .

6. Finally, because poetics more easily leads to revulsion than fever, hijacking and transportation (equivalent under the crescent moon and drift) are no better than a gesture and a breath when these too become a crime.

Brady Clark





Consider this a tool- and a fuse.

PLACES OF INTEREST- Cartographers are amnesiacs par excellance. If one sees the regions as maps layed over a network of interchanges and populating of smaller and smaller areas with a recourse to explode the possibilities of cracks and dens, holes of ludic interference, orgies of dissolute, disguised infinity; one will approach the palimpeset and template, the cracked circuit, and move between 0-1. The mysterious X. Possibility of time travel. Pembroke and Mahomet.

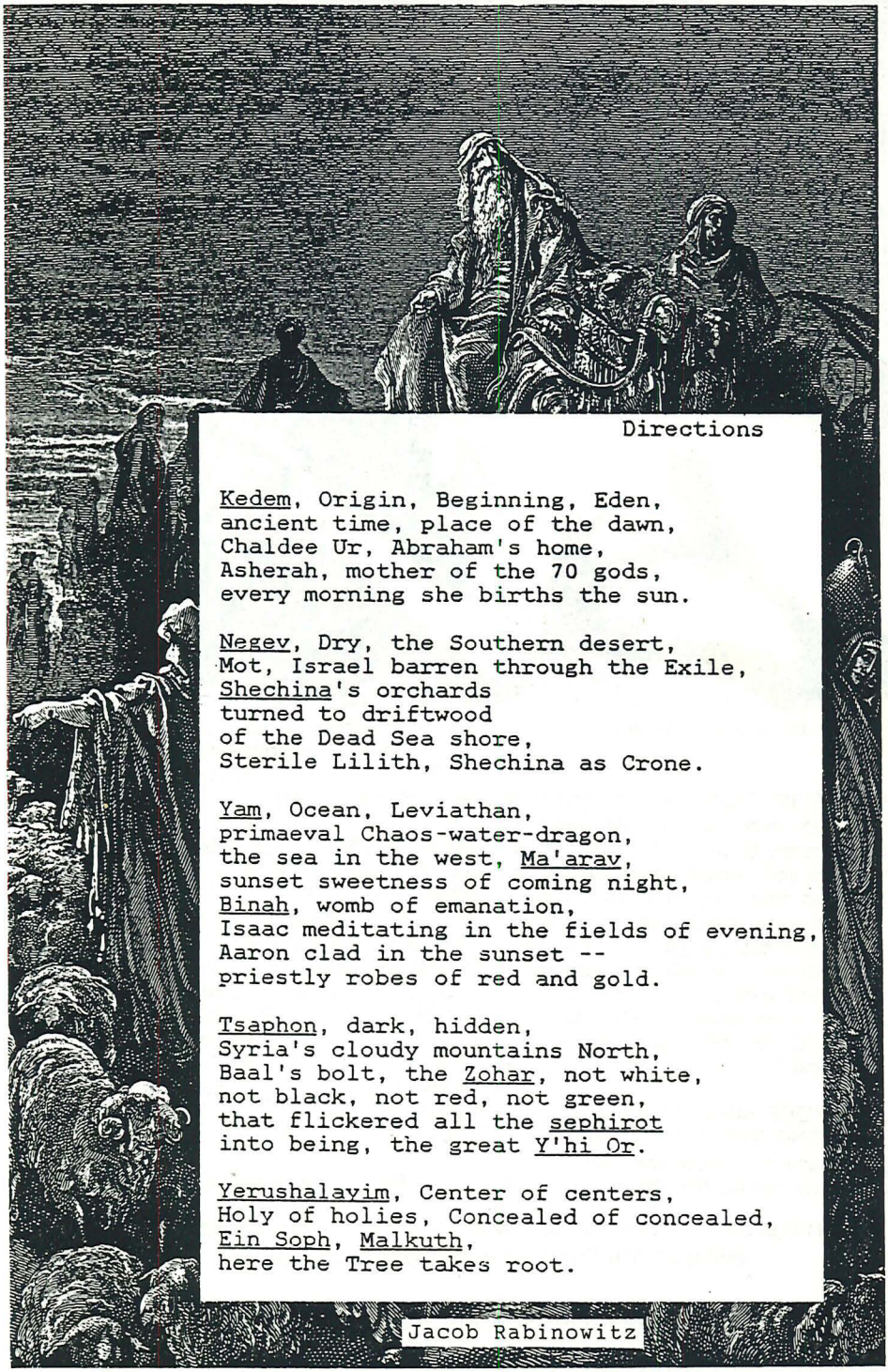
FINDING YOUR MIGRATORY ZONE or ECONOMIZING THE ROUTE- Drop everything and remember the "boy of chance" hunts behind the shadows, carries guns and uprises in your encampment. You've stolen everything already. The chisler fucks the mountebank while holding your job on the line.

HOW TO RECOGNIZE THE DISGUISED or the SEVEN-FINGER MASONIC HANDSHAKE- As a traveler, one holes up in the worst areas. Your companions drop hints and disappear suddenly. One begins to hear things, suspect everyone, becomes an aggressive listener, composites a decoder and soon- SPEAKS THE LANGUAGE. These texts pulsate and promise, you find yourself of manhunts, backwater treks, the red herring, shanghaid, pulling up the floorboards, and a contagion of the cult.

The first map has been drawn.

"leaving..not to return..but watching the town like rain.."
ψBlackCrowPress BrigandageAntarcticaψ

(Brady Clark and friends are currently on the road in the vicinity of the Great Dismal Swamp. We've been promised a complete report for our next issue. --JK)



Directions

Kedem, Origin, Beginning, Eden,
ancient time, place of the dawn,
Chaldee Ur, Abraham's home,
Asherah, mother of the 70 gods,
every morning she births the sun.

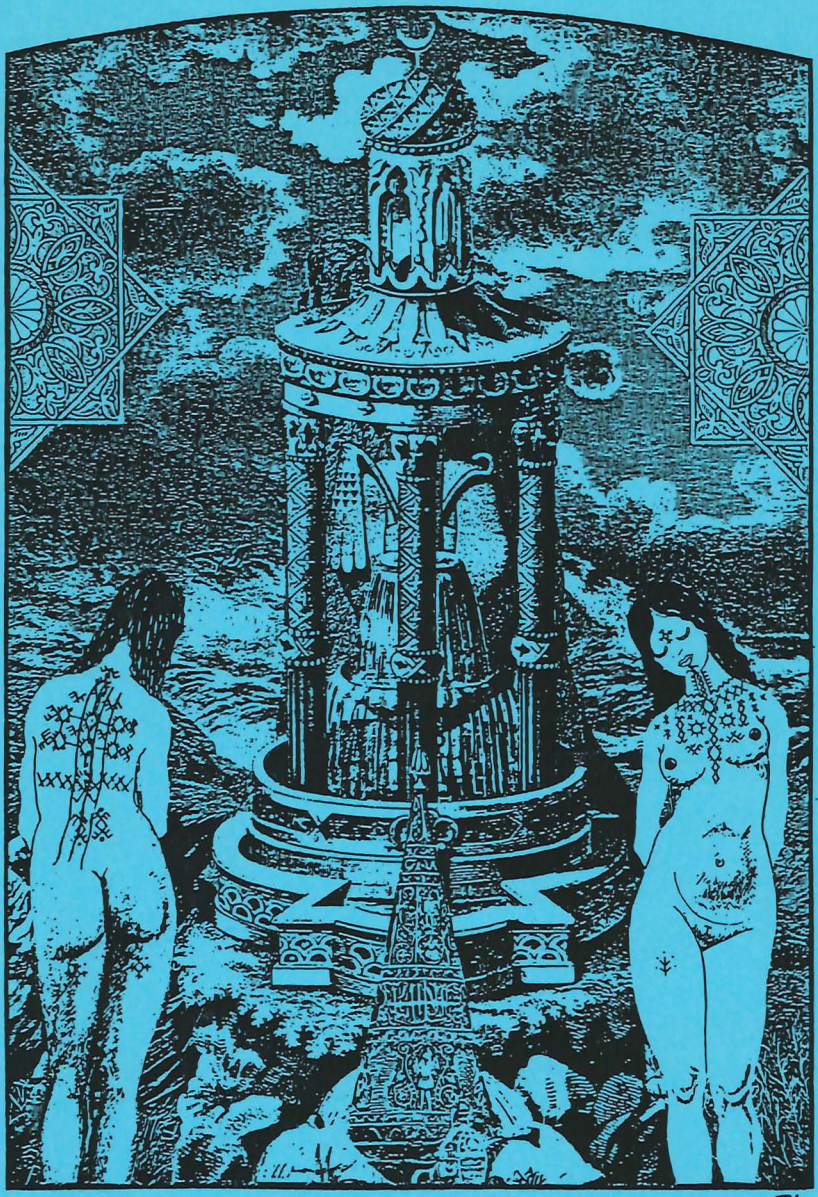
Negev, Dry, the Southern desert,
Mot, Israel barren through the Exile,
Shechina's orchards
turned to driftwood
of the Dead Sea shore,
Sterile Lilith, Shechina as Crone.

Yam, Ocean, Leviathan,
primaeval Chaos-water-dragon,
the sea in the west, Ma'arav,
sunset sweetness of coming night,
Binah, womb of emanation,
Isaac meditating in the fields of evening,
Aaron clad in the sunset --
priestly robes of red and gold.

Tsaphon, dark, hidden,
Syria's cloudy mountains North,
Baal's bolt, the Zohar, not white,
not black, not red, not green,
that flickered all the sephirot
into being, the great Y'hi Or.

Yerushalayim, Center of centers,
Holy of holies, Concealed of concealed,
Ein Soph, Malkuth,
here the Tree takes root.

Jacob Rabinowitz


JK

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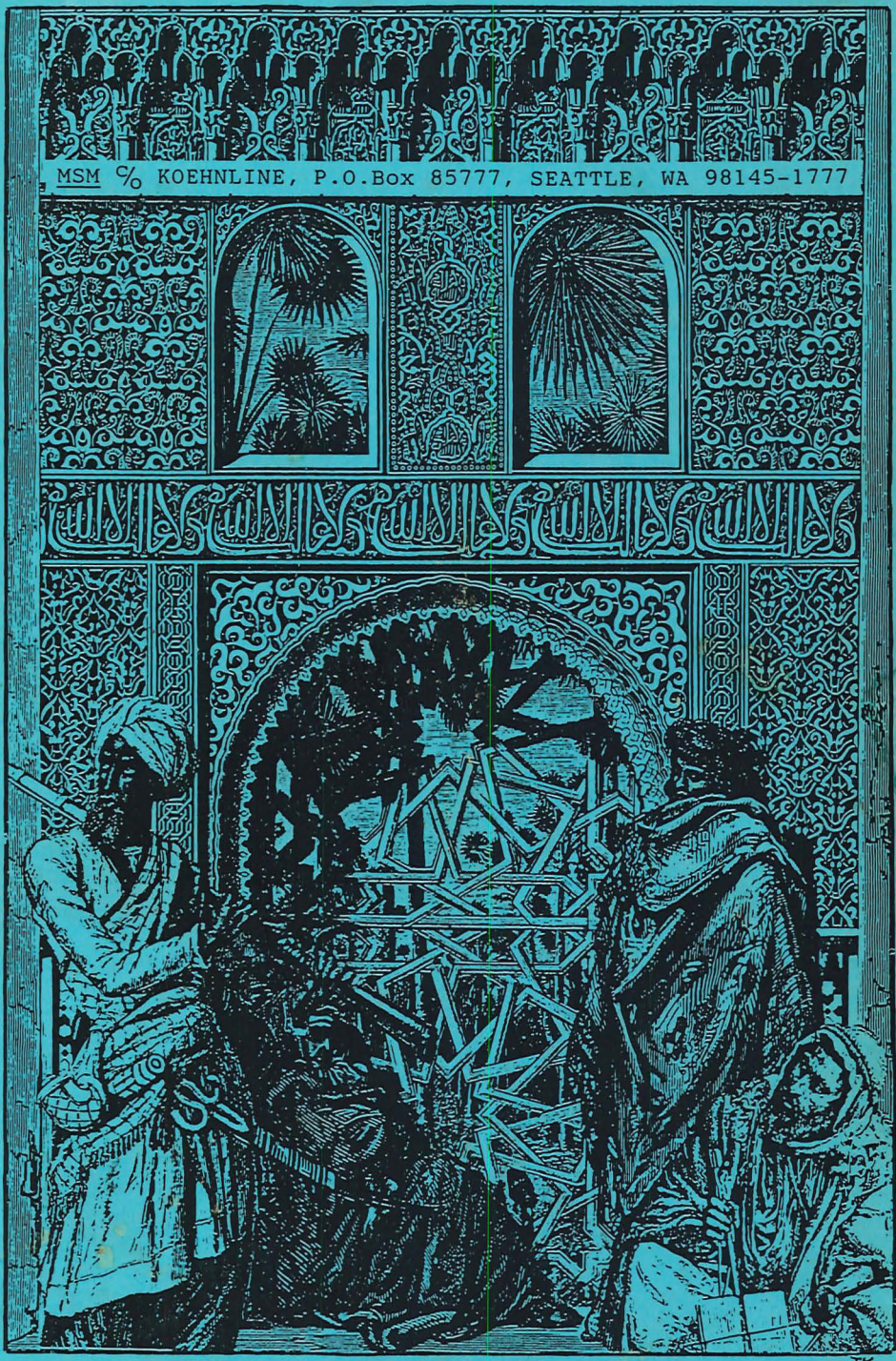

JK

BE THE FIRST ON YOUR HORIZON TO BE GREETED